TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

I feel sorry for childless couples, for those married folk who have no bairns to pull the curtains and tear the books and generally disturb the smoothness and propriety of the drawing-room. At no other period of the year does such a condition so obtrude itself as during these holidays. Babies are essential to the hilarity and jollity of Christmas and New Year's. For the first time in a number of years I have been left alone and sought to enjoy myself at Christmas without them. It was impossible to be happy, and the invitation of a friend who has a good stock of them was accepted, for if one is without them the next best thing is to borrow them. One cannot play with other men's children as with one's own, yet what little joy was in the day was in following the band and blowing the mouth organ behind a youngster who was not three years old. We were all absolutely at the mercy of this aggressive youngster; he led the band. We p'ayed when he started up; we marched and wore paper caps and had all the jollity there was in the whole day under his direction. I laughed to myself to see the procession he had behind him, for my friend had invited other unhappy men who had no other place to go, and they were glad to serve under this boyish general. At dinner he talked all the time; nobody's arm was safe from being talked off; there was no family secret that he respected; nothing that he would not give away; every detail with regard to the season's delicacies was public property within five minutes after we got there. Fortunately for us all he had no inkling as to prices, but any domestic discussion that had taken place as to what variety of soup, fish and fowl we should have, he gave us before we were there long enough to get our overshoes off. Yet this little speck of naturalism, with his absolutely genuine youth, gave the day its whole character, and he with his brothers and sisters furnished me the only enjoyment I had.

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How do childless couples live through all their years without some little baby fingers to warm their hearts? How can they exist without some little touch of nature to warm them into life? Surely they must feel a lack of these innocent and guileless young people who prattle away and forget that strange ears are listening to their gossip. What man or woman would ever repeat any of their remarks? They are so natural, so genuine, so indicative of all that goes on at home that it is refreshing to hear them, while it would be treason to tell of it.

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The inner circle of family life is a queer kaleidoscope. I have seen it at home; I have seen it in the families of my friends. Odd things crop up; queer things are permitted; less peculiar things are forbidden, but altogether the lesson is that the babies bring us back to youth and keep us from being cold and heartless and ungenerous. No better inkling can be given of the kindliness of family life than the fact that where I ate my Christmas dinner a fat and gentle doe, finding the kitchen door open on the warm day, meandered through the hall and ate bread from the hand of my host. A deer is a wild creature, but when tame and touched by the hand of affection nothing is so tame and so gentle. After the laugh which followed the entrance of this queer visitor, which browsed amongst the flower pots and ate nuts from the hands of youngsters, who are not prone to be gentle with animals, a great big dog came in and asked to be helped, and the pug sat up and begged, and all the little tendernesses of the family were revealed. It made one more human and more glad to be alive. When the horns were blown and the caps put on and the buildings erected, the photographs exhibited and the dressing-cases laid out and each one with unmistakable pride made it evident that someone had been kindly and thoughtful, I sat and thought about the people who had nobody to be good to. There is nothing in other people being good to you unless it is an evidence of affection, but what about the people who have nobody to be good to? What an unfortunate affair it must be!

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We cannot be good to ourselves. Here is a drinking toast! "Here's to our noble selves!" We cannot. Somebody else must be good to us; we must be good to somebody else. Those who never hear the little feet of children pattering across the hall looking for the tribute of Santa Claus, those who have never contributed to a stocking nor watched for the hug and kiss of overjoyed childhood, they don't know anything about it; they haven't lived. It does not matter how many years we put in, we only live during those in which we can create happiness for other people. We cannot create happiness for ourselves. If we make others happy it reflects on us; we can join in sometimes in a clumsy and even critical way, yet this is all we get out of it. Life is not very long; it does not matter how short it is, we can get some of it; we may miss it all. It is immaterial how long it is, still we may miss it all. Christmas is not worth a cent without babies, without youngsters, without somebody who has not outgrown the idea of being happy.

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This has been a queer mayoralty campaign. It began with many candidates already in the field and many who were expected. Those who felt neighborly were prepared to give their favors to the neighbors who asked them, yet I imagine that in the end canvassing and chicanery will play the most unimportant part that has been played in Toronto for many years.

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I have had the pleasure—it has sometimes been a pleasure—to be in many political and municipal campaigns. The one which will end on the 4th of January I consider the most peculiar one in which I have had any interest. It began by the nomination of Mr. Osler, when the idea was prevalent that so distinguished a man having been brought out no one would offer himself as an opponent. Instead of this being the case, three men representing an equal number of interests came into the field and Mr. Osler's chances seemed slight indeed. His friends regretted having induced him to enter the campaign, but in view of his own personal opposition to such a procedure they immediately subscribed liberally in order to make his fight as good a one as could be made. There was no idea of any sinister influence being used, and none has been used, but the grave-yard has voted in Toronto so often that a thorough organization had to be effected to prevent dead men and absentees electing one of the mediocre candidates. The beginning of the fight was dispiriting. Every man on Mr. Osler's committee felt as if he had undertaken a contract which would be hard to fill, not that anyone considered their candidate weak or unimportant, but he was unknown to the general electorate and was absent on business which could not be disregarded. Through two weeks of organization and trouble which those who are not interested cannot appreciate, the fight for Mr. Osler was made with a heroism worthy of the good cause in which the committee had engaged. The gods are good to those who try to do right. Things began to look brighter, and by the time Mr. Osler returned from the Old Country we knew that his chances and his claims had been very well established. Since then Mr. Osler, who is by no means an orator, has grown in public favor in the most remarkable way. His first utterances were the modest words of a man who understood himself to be lacking in the tricks of rhetoric and in the tricks of the politician. Every meeting which he has addressed has observed the man and weighed the honest sincerity of his words, and all the assistants that he has had in this campaign have not made as many votes for Mr. Osler as the man has made for himself. Moreover, he has developed extraordinary strength and his speeches, as he has become accustomed to the people and to the sound of his own voice, show signs of power which in later years will make him a man high in the councils of the Dominion of Canada. He is deliberate in his utterance; he says nothing that can be denied or even misrepresented; he is careful, and yet there is an honesty in his words which has enormous weight.

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I firmly believe that Mr. E. B. Osler will be elected mayor. If he is not I shall be sorry; I shall be sorry, not because I am personally attached to the man, but because I am sincerely and materially attached to the city. We have made many mistakes in electing mayors, and we know that much could have been done and much prevented had we acted more wisely, and it is entirely useless to lay blame on those who have gone out of office. What we must do is to put good men in office and then something may be accomplished. The man would be a wizard who could reorganize in a moment the extraordinary condition of affairs which now exists, but if it can be done at all an experienced man must be given the task.

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Mr. E. B. Osler is making no wild promises, but simply says, "If I go in I will do the best I can; every item shall be examined as a business man examines every line in the bill rendered to him. Where we can reduce expenses without rendering inefficient our city service, they shall be reduced. No new expenditure shall be permitted. The debt shall be taken care of as a debt in my private concern would be looked after." He pretends to no experience; he simply knows that there is only one way of doing business, and he is fully aware that he is conversant with that method. He has handled bigger things than the finances of Toronto, and if entrusted with them he knows just how to go about it.

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Mr. McMillan talks a great deal about "Honest John," referring to himself. This may be a very good joke but it is in exceedingly bad taste. The man who talks about his own honesty is a little bit off color. Honesty is or should be one of the primary characteristics of a man. He has no more right to boast about it, or to talk about it, than he has to get up on a platform and brag about being truthful or decent. Mr. McMillan has a noisy support which the public may mistake for strength. Mr. Fleming is presumably strong, inasmuch as his organ claims for him the labor vote and the temperance people are said to look upon him as their leader. Yet Brother McMillan is destroying his chances by proving him insincere in everything. Duplicity has never been successful and never will be. Mr. Osler addresses an audience as if he were entirely unconcerned as to the result; he talks like a man who is not hunting for the job, and is quite willing to be honest. He is not fluent in speech but he is sincere, and sincerity will win. E. B. Osler will be mayor.

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One of the funny things in this campaign and in the newspaper business—for those of us who write for newspapers cannot forget the newspaper phase of it—was the treat given to the newsboys by the *Evening News*. It was a good advertisement and very well engineered, but it was overworked. When we give alms it is a recognized principle that we should not do it while shouting upon the street corners. The band wagon and the vans which carried the little fellows to the alleged feast at St. Andrew's Hall were decorated with starvation mottoes and the editorials in the paper which the procession was intended to advertise, all indicated that the little fellows had not in their lifetime had a square meal. I do not think I ever saw such a blatant piece of ostentatious alms-giving as this newsboy feast given by the *News*. Bless me, the majority of the boys have a square meal once a day—thrice a day. They are not beggars. The hilarious little chaps sell newspapers and they make money out of it. I know one of them who has twenty-five hundred dollars in the bank and every cent of it was made out of newspapers. It is a shame to advertise them as paupers, for they are nothing of the sort; they are the shrewdest little merchants in the city. They are not dependent on a newspaper for a square meal. If they are, Toronto has come to a very sickly condition and the newspaper that advertises them as ill-fed miserable little paupers is insulting them while endeavoring to uplift itself as a giver of good gifts. I do not think the newsboys will be ever trapped into an advertising dodge of this sort again, and as it was the vans were not half loaded with those who sell newspapers but with boys who were out for a lark. It may seem uncharitable to characterize the whole thing as a fake, and yet nothing was ever more distinctly and lugubriously a fake than the loud-mouthed donation of a few buns to the boys of the town. Newspapers that have to get themselves in sight in this way would be more fortunate if they spent the money in acquiring a genuine circulation or in giving alms quietly to those who need support.

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Life is counted by heart beats, not by the tick of the clock, nor the days in the almanac, nor by the pictures on the calendar. It is said that we live more rapidly than of old. Well, what if we do? We are in this world to live, not to sleep. When we live we are doing, feeling, enduring, being happy or miserable, sad or gay. The wind touches us; the sea is bright and glittering, smooth and delightful, or overcast with clouds dark and rolling, tempestuous, threatening, destroying! What matters it whether we see all these things in an hour or in a day? There are men who are a hundred years old who have not lived fifteen minutes; there are men of thirty who have lived three centuries. The chief aim of life is not to prolong it but to fill it, fill it full and overflowing, and may it be God's measure and God's grist! If we fill it with folly, or folly mixed with goodness, that shall we have paid back unto us. But let us live! One of the oldest of the adages, popular now and immortal, is, "Live and let live." We are alive to-day, but we are not the only people who are alive. There are others who seek to exist, and we must divide up. The more we divide the more we have left over; but let us live, crowd every minute and every hour and every day and every week and every month and every year and every decade with all we can do. And if we die we have lived. If we sleep a hundred years and wake up to celebrate the anniversary of the century, we are only babies; we have not lived.

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Heart failure is a great complaint nowadays. What does it mean? The heart that was meant to run for seventy-five years has run itself down in thirty-five or forty years. All the better. We have been here less time and we have done it all, seen it all, had it all. The heart has tired out. Then let us quit. Once a year I try to preach this little sermon of not trying to stretch out a thirty-five year life to a hundred. It is better to compress a hundred years into thirty-five or forty or fifty, or if by reason of strength we can hang on until seventy, all the better. I do not believe it shortens it a bit. Everything in nature teaches us to "keep our move on." The forest tells us that the biggest tree is the one apt to fall, and when it falls the daisies and the buttercups and the strawberry blossoms and everything else is crushed, yet if the daisies and the strawberries and the buttercups and the blossoms were crushed they will no more hear the thunder and lightning and the trouble of the storm, and they are all right. What difference does it make?

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The preacher and the poet are alike in saying that the beauty of the thought and the honor of the action amount to everything, and the length of days and the unbeauty of the surroundings amount to nothing. The prophet told us that all was vanity and vexation of spirit. If the posies and the strawberry blossoms and the ferns are crushed by the fall of the tree and the blast of the storm, there is just so much less vanity and vexation of spirit for them. We hope on and endure; we wish to do good things and fail; we try to do good things and are suspected of evil motives. It doesn't matter. After the tree falls the storm clears away; there is beauty and delight in life; other blossoms appear; other posies delight the eye; nature has not been wrecked; nobody, nothing is missed. Those who are alive are no more important than those who are dead, and so from New Year's until New Year's we circle around the sun on this great big ball and forget how little we amount to, how much we can do, how much we can leave undone, how little there is in anything except in shedding brightness and beauty and life and ephemeral glory on whatever flowers, on whatever faces look up to ours for their sunlight.

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Is there or is there not something in amusing people in this world? I have enjoyed the pleasure of knowing a large number of comedians who have contributed perhaps more than any other men within the last two decades, to amusing the public. They made money and fame by making people laugh. With but few exceptions I have known all the funny men in theatrical and literary circles who belong to or have visited America. None of them seemed to have enjoyed what a contemporary calls "clowning." The cleverest comedian that I have ever known leaves the theater feeling that he has sacrificed some of his dignity in order to make people laugh. Did you ever know a man who could make people laugh and still retain all of his dignity? I have known a great many people who could make a point by holding the audience with what has been called "clowning." Many times I have seen the substratum of sense find its way and dwell with a great big heavy load on the heart of the man who has been laughing. Many of the best points are made by evangelists, as well as "clowns," by a well turned sentence or funny gesture, yet after all what does the man amount to who does it? If he be a preacher he is called a sensationalist. He may make money and people may go to hear him in thousands. If he is an actor he may make more money than anybody who does tragedy as his profession, but he is never happy. The man who makes people laugh is the man who most of all would like to make people cry; he is the man who appreciates the undercurrent of tragedy in human life better than the weeping preacher or the ranting tragedian. It is the nearness to tears that makes the laugh come so readily. The man who makes us laugh most is the one who understands that which hysteria produces. Skating lightly over the surface of our emotions he whirls on the rottenest ice and makes us laugh to think how cunningly he evaded disaster. The surprise, the unexpectedness of the deviation from the line of rhetoric is what makes us laugh. The sudden dropping into the sadness of what we know and the gruesomeness of what we may expect, makes us cry. They may be both tricks of the rhetorician; they may be the heart touches of the orator, but the people who listen never think of the difference. If they cry the man is an orator; if they laugh he is a comedian, a fun-maker, a clown. Yet I have seen a great many places, heard a great many speakers and listened to a large number of preachers, reported a great many political orators, and the art of it all, the touch that separates the man who knows his audience and understands the chords of the human heart from the man who gets up and blabs and blats and roars and fumes and thinks he is making a speech, is the mere trifle which separates the musician from the piano pounder, the elocutionist from the unfortunate person who gets up and reads and makes his hearers wish he were dead, the man who knows how to sing from the man who sings without knowing how. These little dif-

Princess Mary of Teck.

ferences do not amount to much, but there is nobody who suffers so much from misconception as the funny man; that is, the real funny man. How often I have heard Billy Florence deplore the fact that he could not play the most tragic part without making people laugh, and my old friend, now dead, peace be to his ashes, George S. Knight, used to wonder why people always wanted him to make them laugh. He made his great success as Otto, the German. Then he tried until he lost all his money Baron Rudolph, one of the sweetest and wittiest and most pathetic plays ever put on an American stage. Surfeited with theaters as I have been because of the necessities of my business, I have cried over Baron Rudolph, I have suffered with Ruddy the Tramp and felt new impulses to goodness and honor as the poor ragabond resumed his old place in society; I have laughed and almost shuddered to see the same man play Over the Garden Wall, a rank travesty of the beautiful pathos that underlay the laughter and tears of which he was fond. But he had to do it; the people wanted to laugh and when they saw George Knight they thought that laughter was what they had paid for; they must laugh. What care they that beneath his life and beneath the life of those characters which he portrayed, there lay an ocean of tears, a sadness, a dreadfulness, a fear of misconception which made him one of the saddest of men.

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I think we fail sometimes to see how near laughter is to tears; how near the touches which make us smile are those which make us weep. Ella Wheeler Wilcox said, "Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone," yet all the glory and honor seem to go to those who make us weep. The parsons all try to make us cry; we don't want to; they don't want to. There is nothing particular for us to cry about. Then why should not the men who make us laugh have some share in public approbation? Why should every comedian who lives near the stage sad and be sorry because he has made people laugh? I have known so many of them who have wondered if the laughing business was not all a failure, who desired to be tragic simply to let the people know that there was something in them besides the clown, that I feel sorry for myself and everybody else who sometimes has an opportunity to carry away the same thought. Those who make us laugh are nearer to ourselves; there is more pathos in the laugh than there is in the cry. The world is not funny; it is dead serious. There is more art in making people laugh than in making them cry; more feeling is necessary, a deeper estimate of the currents which underly every life. Yet people laugh and think there is nothing in it but a trick of the voice. They cry and think that some great big soul has awakened them. The cry comes from the trick of the voice, not the heart. That strange hysterical feeling which makes us long either to laugh or cry, that something which is the bond between men, the declaration of kinship, is all in the laugh, and in these delicate or indelicate touches, whatever they may be—and they are generally gauged according to the audience—the laugh is called "clowning" and the cry "art," shill, a knowledge of the heart. When the people know the undercurrent and see the little boats turn where the tide swirls, they will cease to wonder that the so-called funny men are sad and that the sad men are gay.

Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our merriest songs are those that tell
Of saddest thought.

Did you ever meet the jolly woman, the woman who makes people laugh, who is sought after because she is so entertaining and her conversation is so exhilarating? Did you ever notice that in her face there is a history, that in the gay and rollicking voice there is a story fraught with pain, that her eyes cloud up as the eyes of a woman who does not know the world never cloud? She does the "clowning" for society; she does some of the suffering for her sex. She it is who falls over with her face on the pillows and weeps tears of bitterness; she it is who looks back and buries her sorrow under a laugh which has in it that hysteria, that contagion which makes other people laugh. Laughter is mixed with tears always. There is a seriousness about laughing which is the seriousness of life. A great many people cannot help laughing at a funeral if the slightest incident provokes mirth. At times people would like to cry, somehow they are most inclined to laugh because mirth is so close to the surface and is simply the overcoat, the film, the ice of self-possession that covers the flood beneath. One can always be sure that men or women who make other people laugh have for many days and nights, for many years, had hard work to hide traces of tears, and have often found it inconvenient to appear in public because their eyes were swollen with a flood pent up behind and their hearts full of the tragedy which shallow people portray and deeper natures conceal. So runs the world away. We laugh and cry, and cry and laugh. When we laugh the world is with us; if we cry at the right time the world thinks we are awfully sweet and good. But best of all, let us laugh, for after all we are not willing to cry except at a play or do it involuntarily at a funeral, and we suspect those who cry at other times, even while we smooth them down and comfort them and sneer at The Man Who Laughs.

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A few people here and there have a hazy notion that perhaps when they proceed to mark their ballots on Monday they will be afforded a chance to give an opinion on the question of free books for the public schools in Toronto. Nobody seems to really know anything about it. From certain passing references made to the subject in the daily papers recently, I conclude that the ballot slip handed to each voter on Monday will interrogate him on the free school book matter. The men who engineered this thing up to an issue should have stood by it and given it a hand through the deep waters of election day. A year ago, or less, the proposal was actively discussed and people were familiar at least with the name if not the merits of it, but the public memory is defective and it may so chance that a valuable reform will now suffer defeat through the indifference of voters, who, if they had time to think, would warmly approve of it. A man cannot properly weigh an economic question like this in the minute allowed him behind the red curtain of his polling booth, and no matter how plainly worded a question may be it should not confront him there for the first time. The first impulse of a man is to resent any other man's idea unless it is insinuated into his favor in one of a thousand ways, so that when he is met with a proposal in the briefest possible number of words in a polling booth he mentally exclaims, "Whose fad is that!" and negatives it forthwith. That first impulse rules him, for he has no time for a second, but on going out and turning the idea over, should he be asked by a friend he would admit there were two sides to the question. Feeling that in being thus consulted the idea was as much his as anybody's, he might even champion it and do evangelistic work in its behalf until the poll closes.

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This being the stuff of which men are made, it seems almost fatal to the free school book proposal that it should have been dropped out of sight for several months, only to bob up on election day to startle the average ratepayer and affront the dignity and offend the unconscious selfishness of his mind.

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When we go so far towards having absolutely free schools it is illogical to pause where the books of study and instruction are required. We furnish carefully equipped buildings and trained teachers. If pupils do not come of their free will we send policemen to bring them in. Yet without books they cannot study, for books are as necessary as teachers and are as integral a part of our school arrangements as the buildings. At present we have not free schools for the education of all classes of children. The poor man and the averagely-circumstanced mechanic who happens to have a very large family must remove his youngsters from school while their advancement is small, owing to the increasing cost of books. It is proportionately cheaper now to give schooling to a family of seven than to one child, for the reason that the younger ones can use the books no longer required by the older ones. The proposal that books shall be made free contemplates a broader economy than is seen in a large family, an economy in which the children of the municipality shall constitute one family among whom all books shall descend and not one escape without serving its utmost use.

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Social and Personal.

Mrs. Henderson of Detroit is spending the holidays with her aunt, Mrs. A. McLean Howard of Carlton street.

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Dr. J. G. Kennedy, formerly one of Toronto's best known physicians, died in Chicago a few days since.

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The French Conversation Club will meet this evening at the residence of Mrs. Proctor of No. 71 Grenville street.

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A very lovely wedding was celebrated on Monday morning last in St. Luke's church. The bride was one of Toronto's prettiest daughters, Miss Florence Ellis, fourth daughter of the late James Ellis, and the groom, Mr. Herbert R. Walker, eldest son of the late R. Irving Walker. Miss Ellis wore a gown of white brocaded satin trimmed with ostrich feathers and pearls, and her veil was held in place by a handsome diamond star, the gift of the bridegroom. She was led to the altar by her brother-in-law, Mr. Proctor, and was followed by her sister, Miss Lily Ellis, as maid of honor, and the Misses Baird, Maud Proctor, Kitty and Elsie Riordan as bridesmaids. These young ladies wore frocks of white serge and hats trimmed with ostrich feathers. The bride and her maids carried bouquets of roses. Dr. Langtry, the rector, performed the marriage ceremony, and Mr. W. E. Lincoln Hunter acted as best man. The ushers were Messrs. Norman Ellis, A. R. Walker, Trevor Horrocks and Bert Thompson. The wedding *dejeuner* was followed by a reception at the residence of Mr. Proctor, 71 Grenville street, whose charming house, always rich in objects of interest and the spoils of foreign travel, looked unusually well in its Christmas and nuptial fineries. Many beautiful presents were given the popular young bride—diamonds, china and various other artistic and elaborate gifts being visible. Mr. and Mrs. Walker have sailed for England and will make a prolonged and interesting tour on the continent. Perhaps no bride has carried with her more general good wishes than this universally and deservedly popular lady. Among the guests who assembled to wish her happiness were Mrs. R. Irving Walker, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Tackaberry, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bunting, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Riordan, Mr. James E. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lawson, Rev. James and Mrs. Henderson, Rev. Hugh Johnston, Capt. and Mrs. Boyce Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. R. Y. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. Roper, Mrs. and Miss Fitch, Dr. Norman and Mrs. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Harton Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Horrocks, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cheyne, Messrs. and the Misses Merrick, Mr. and Mrs. Layton, Dr. George A. Peters, Mrs. T. W. S. Forster, Mr. and Mrs. Baird, Miss Maud Baird, Miss Worden, Mrs. and Miss Wilkes, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ellis, Mr. George Baird, Mr. Charles Baird, Mr. W. Bunting, Mr. Percy Horrocks, Mr. George Bunting, Buffalo; Miss Mills, Miss Annie Mills, Mr. Joseph Palmer, Mr. Wilkins, Guelph; Mr. and Mrs. George Ellis, Mrs. Hill, Miss Hutchinson, Miss Susie Ellis, Miss Edna Walker, Gardie Walker, Erle Walker, Misses Chopites, Frankie Riordan and Millie Bridgeland.

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A very pleasant young people's party was given in the evening by Mrs. Proctor.

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Mrs. Robert Gooderham gave an At Home on Wednesday afternoon, which was well attended.

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A large number of friends of the McMaster University attended the Founders' Day assembly, when an excellent programme was presented and a very enjoyable time spent by all.

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The Canadian Society of Musicians' concert was another affair which attracted many nice people. The attraction was M. de Packmann the charming pianist, whose rendition of Chopin's music is beyond praise.

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Mrs. Lennox of 50 Beaconsfield avenue gave a cobweb party on Thursday evening. Her guests entered thoroughly into the fun of this very funny way of securing a nice prize to take home.

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Letters received from Miss Milligan, daughter of Colonel Milligan, who is just now somewhere in North Africa or thereabouts, give a charming description of her visit to Gibraltar, where she was fortunate enough to find her father's old regiment quartered, and to enjoy the delightful hospitality of Colonel Gordon and the officers of the famous 42nd, known as the Black Watch.

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A quiet wedding took place in Belleville on the afternoon of Christmas day at the residence of Mr. John Lance, uncle of the bride, the contracting parties being Miss Edyth Orre of Belleville and Mr. S. R. Graham of the Molson's Bank, Toronto. The marriage ceremony was conducted by the Rev. W. T. Graham of Ottawa, brother of the groom. Miss Pearl Orre, sister of the bride, gracefully performed the duties of bridesmaid, while Mr. C. M. Wilson of Toronto supported the groom. The happy couple left for the west on their honeymoon, carrying with them the best wishes of their many friends. Mr. and Mrs. Graham will make their home in Toronto.

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Miss Mair, sister of Mrs. G. T. Denison, who has been suffering from an attack of scarlet fever, is convalescing.

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Mrs. Harry Symons, who has been for some time in Winnipeg, has returned to Toronto.

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A large number of society people have witnessed Davenport's representation of Cleopatra at the Grand this week. On Tuesday evening the boxes were filled by several theater parties, and a large number of the *elite* occupied seats in other parts of the house.

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Miss Sadd of 55 Avenue road left on Saturday to visit friends in Hudson, N. Y., with whom she will spend the next few weeks.

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The Wanderers' Bicycle Club dance in the Pavilion takes place on Friday, January 15, and promises to be very successful. The society editor was so much impressed by the swiftness and impulse of their new emblem as to inadvertently set the date for their dance three days ahead of time in last week's paper.

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The Grenadiers' Assembly, which takes place on January 12, will no doubt sustain the reputation of the gallant redcoats as the princes of hospitality.

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On Saturday night last about fifty members of the Victoria Club and their friends sat down to a most enjoyable dinner given by the steward, Mr. Robert O'Hara.

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Mr. A. St. Germain, one of Canada's oldest newspaper men, is at present touring the world. When last heard of he and his family were at Castle Corner, Ireland, the birthplace of Mrs. St. Germain.

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Dr. Crawford Scadding has returned from a visit of some duration to Toledo and Detroit.

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Dr. W. F. Chappell of New York city spent Christmas with his parents at 575 Sherbourne street.

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Mrs. McCaul of Huron street gave a dinner party last evening

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On Wednesday, Judge and Mrs. Osler entertained a party of friends at dinner at their residence, 35 Avenue street.

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Sir Adam Wilson was attacked by a stroke of paralysis on Saturday last and died on Tuesday evening. He was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, on September 22, 1814, and came to Canada when scarcely sixteen years of age. He placed himself under articles in January, 1834, to the Hon. Robert Baldwin Sullivan, at that time a partner of the Hon. Robert Baldwin. In Trinity term, 1839, he was called to the bar and entered into partnership with the Hon. Robert Baldwin. On November 28, 1850, he was appointed a Queen's Counsel along with Justices Hagarty and Gwynne. During the same year he was elected a bencher of the Law Society. In 1850 he was elected alderman of the city of Toronto, and four years thereafter he became mayor of the city, being the first chief magistrate elected by a popular vote. This position he held for two years. Mr. Wilson was offered the Solicitor-Generalship, which he accepted and held with a seat in the executive till 1853. On May 11, 1853, he was appointed a judge of the Court of Queen's Bench for Upper Canada. When Chief Justice Hagarty was transferred from the Court of Queen's Bench to the Court of Appeal, Chief Justice Wilson was appointed to succeed him as Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench Division. This position he held until Nov. 14, 1887, when, being worn out with his long and arduous labors, he resigned and retired into private life. On Dec. 20 of the same year he was knighted. About 1844 Sir Adam Wilson was married to a daughter of the late Thomas Dalton, which lady survives him. Sir Adam had no family.

•

Around Osgoode Hall the news was received with surprise and sorrow, and most profound sympathy was expressed for the bereaved widow and for the friends of the deceased. Sir Adam Wilson was held in the highest esteem both as a judge and as a gentleman, and only words of commendation and praise were to be heard. In civil matters his decisions were followed with the greatest confidence, and though in criminal matters he was exceedingly severe, yet criminals received the fairest possible trials, and the sentences passed upon them were those which His Lordship felt bound by conscience and duty to pass.

•

The Oriole Social Club hold their annual At Home in Webb's parlors on Wednesday, January 13.

•

Mrs. G. T. Blackstock, who has just returned from New York, gave a charming musicale on Tuesday evening to the members of the Canadian Society of Musicians and other friends. A large number of the musical people of Toronto were in attendance, and a most delightful evening was spent. Several members of the society and others contributed to the success of the evening by vocal and instrumental selections, and the fair hostess herself played some delicious *morceaux*.

•

Dr. Garratt spent Christmas with his parents in Picton.

•

Several members of the Cleopatra company are suffering from influenza, and two of the ladies have so far succumbed as to be obliged to return to New York. Their places are so ably filled, however, that as Koko has it, "they never will be missed."

•

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Weeks of Grand Rapids, Michigan, are spending the Christmas holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. B. Linton, at 551 King street west.

•

A most original and amusing entertainment was that given by Messrs. Pease & Milne to the Toronto Bicycle Club and their friends on Wednesday of last week. The cosy club house was filled with an interested audience, many of whom received Xmas presents from the depths of the magic box which "Jimmy Milne found in the woods." The evening concluded with a dance to the music of Neapolitano's orchestra.

•

Mrs. John Cawthra of Beverley street gave an afternoon tea on Christmas Day.

•

Mrs. Henry Duggan gave a very pleasant euchre party on Saturday last.

•

A calico ball was given at the Arlington Hotel last Monday, under the direction of Mr. Percy Galt. The proceeds of the evening were donated to the poor fund of Grace church.

•

Among the numerous family parties which Christmas called together, was a very delightful family dinner given by Mrs. William Mulock, on December 25.

•

Mrs. (Dr.) McLene is visiting her mother, Mrs. East of 147 Gerrard street.

•

On Christmas Eve the guests of Miss Speers of 98 St. Patrick street presented her with a handsome piano extention lamp and shade, very beautiful in design and workmanship, thus showing their appreciation of her generous attention to their comfort.

•

Mr. Frederic Roper, who recently resigned his position as secretary and auditor of the Great North-Western Telegraph Co., has been presented by his friends in that company with a gold watch. Mr. Roper having held his position for the past ten years will be very much missed. The directors on Wednesday passed a resolution recording their sense of Mr. Roper's valuable services.

•

Mr. M. F. Brown, the genial and popular president of the Ontario Coal Company, had a surprise on Christmas Eve by being waited on by the yardmen and drivers of his firm, who presented him with a life size portrait of himself, accompanied by an address expressive of the great respect in which he was held and the good will that exists between himself and his employes.

•

Miss Amy Ince and Miss Roberts are visiting Miss Lundy of Peterborough.

•

The Christmas issue of the *Trader*, devoted to the interests of the jewelry trade, is by long odds the handsomest, and best printed trade annual I have seen in Canada. It is a credit to Brother McNaught. The illustrations are exceedingly fine, the typography and reading matter excellent, and altogether it compares favorably with the best issues of trade papers in New York and Philadelphia.

The *Monetary Times* sends out a pretty little souvenir in the shape of a pocket tablet. The inside covers are adorned with business maxims which cannot be disregarded. Like SATURDAY NIGHT the *Monetary Times* is one of the successful Canadian weeklies, and it deserves its success insomuch as it spends money and gives every customer value. May its New Year be a happy and successful one.

•

Tools Get Moon-Struck.

It is not generally known that the light of sun and the moon exercises a deleterious effect on edge tools. Knives, drills, scythes and sickles assume a blue color if they are exposed for some time to the light and heat of the sun; the sharp edge disappears and the tool is rendered absolutely useless unless it is retempered. Purchasers should therefore be on their guard against buying tools from retail dealers and pedlers which, for show purposes, have probably been exposed for days together to the glare of the sun. The unserviceableness of tools acquired under these conditions is generally wrongly attributed to bad material or to inferior workmanship. A similarly prejudicial effect has been exercised by moonlight. An ordinary cross cut saw is asserted to have been put put out of shape in a single night by exposure to the moon.

CHRISTMAS SALE

Paris Kid Glove Store

SPECIAL prices in Gloves for the Christmas Trade.

Lined Gloves Lacing Gloves
Derby Gloves Biarritz Gloves
Driving Gloves Evening Gloves

All the newest shades, in high colors, suitable for evening wear.

NOVELTIES IN
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Millinery
Dressmaking
Mantles

WM. STITT & CO.

11 and 13 King St. E., Toronto

ABOVE all other pianos in the World the

STECK

is distinguished for its melodious, almost human tone. No piano possesses such potent charm for listener and player alike. To know a Steck piano is to know the best the world produces.

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McArthur's FASHIONABLE PERFUMES
250 YONGE ST
OPP. SHUTER.

CUNARD LINE

Passengers leaving New York per
SS. UMBRIA, DECEMBER 19
Will arrive in England on the 19th inst.
Tickets and information from—
W. A. GEDDES - Agent
69 Yonge Street, Toronto

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TOURS OF EVERY VARIETY
TRANS - ATLANTIC
RATES REDUCED
BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Gen'l Steamship and R. R. Agency, 72 Yonge St., Toronto

QUEBEC STEAMSHIP COMPANY
BERMUDA
Sixty hours from New York, THURSDAYS
BARBADOS
Trinidad and West Indies, SATURDAYS
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BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Agent,
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FINE and FANCY CUTLERY
Ivory, Dessert and Table Knives, Carvers, &c.
DESSERT and FISH EATING Knives and Forks in SETS and CASES
RICE LEWIS & SON
LIMITED
Cor. King and Victoria Streets TORONTO

INVITATIONS
To Weddings, Dinner, Dance and Juvenile Parties
Menu Cards, Visiting Cards, Ball Programmes, Etc.
THE MOST FASHIONABLE PATTERNS
JAMES BAIN & SON, 39 King St. E., Toronto

Fans and Other Fancies.

THE tendency toward extravagance in all details and accessories of the feminine toilet is carried possibly to its highest pitch in the design and quality of the new evening fans. Gauze, lace and feathers, satin, silk and kid, have season in and season out been reintroduced, remodeled in ornamentation, and recombined, until it seemed as though nothing new were left to be done. Something new has, however, been thought out, and the results are fearfully wonderful, beautiful, and fragile. On sticks of black, perfumed wood, fretted like lace by the carver's tools, are lightly stretched to left and right ribbed black gauze bat-wings, joined in the center of the fan to the slender black velvet body of a peculiarly life-like bat, whose downy head with neat little ears and jewel eyes, stands above the fan's top. This enchanting *eventail* when closed leaves the bat's body, claws, and head well outside the folds of the sticks, the gauze covering of which so overlaps as to resemble a bat's wings when folded. Needless to say, such a fan is not for use, but belongs to that rapidly increasing class of feminine bric-a-brac, to which the new parasols, card cases, gloves, purses and slippers must soon be added. A second original genius, run to earth in search of a novelty, has grasped at fur as the straw by which to save himself from ignominious defeat, and combining this with silk, velvet and kid, has produced some astonishing effects. On a silken background he has *appliqued* a troupe of unmistakable cats—furry tabbies and tommies, of every color and species. With a certain artistic inspiration, he portrays against a gray-blue silk background a basket of Maltese kittens, and on a folding fan of white satin a row of stately Angora felines. Feathers from the ostrich's plumy wings, even the irreverent novelty fiend dares not pervert from their proper, dignified, and most elegant use in fan-making, and though gauze creations are attractive and real fur kittens have charms, no right-minded woman would hesitate a moment between such empty lures and a superb sheaf of ostrich feathers. Six perfect plumes, eighteen inches long, are the exact number with which to make up the most sumptuous and satisfactory fan one can possess. These plumes, when mounted on smooth, heavy sticks of blonde shell, of the tortoise-shell that is opalescent with deep, jewel-like tones, make the perfect fan—one that will last, with care, for years, and when laid away will form a charming heritage for appreciative posterity. White, black, and gray are, any one, good tones in which to select feather fans. These are least likely to be copied in imitation feathers, and are always appropriate and harmonious for use with all gowns.

If you wish to give a young relative some pretty article of dress, choose for her a deep fall of white lace of open pattern, gathered to chiffon of a becoming color, with a collar band above of chiffon folds, to wear with various dresses in the house. Or she may need for the street a little fur cravatte of mink, showing the head, feet and tail of the small animal. Another useful gift is a hat pin of silver or gold, with a long stick pin to thrust through the hat and hair. A chiffon fan, in frills down each side, or in crimped petals that represent a mammoth poppy or rose, is charming for young ladies to carry in the evening. A white veil of real *appliqué* lace, or one of silk imitation thereof, is in favor for day wear. As one cannot have too many handkerchiefs, a welcome gift is a box of them, all of sheer linen with narrow quarter-inch hems, or more costly ones with *fleurs de-lis* or bow knots embroidered in each corner, or those of web-like fineness with narrow drawn-work next the hem, or else a single lace trimmed muchoir, to be used only on celebrate occasions, much like those her mother carried in her own young days. Among odd novelties this season are slipper tips of silver or gold, with chased or *repousse* decorations. They are easily adjustable to any slipper, and can be used to ornament plain slippers of satin or Suede kid—black, white or gray.

New vinaigrettes are small, stumpy bottles, convenient for carrying in the pocket; they look very plain, but are of the finest glass with gilt that is set with precious stones in trefoil or *fleur-de-luce*, or perhaps with a tiny watch instead. Large bottles for lavender salts are of finely fluted glass, with a gold stopple to lift out instead of being attached with a joint as were those of last year. Chatelaine lockets in heart shape are made to hold one or two pictures; they are of silver, gold, or enamel. For children are small heart lockets of silver to be worn with a silver bead necklace, or on a ribbon around the neck. For the tennis girl is a silver marker to wear as a chatelaine—a square silver plate showing markers in ivory. Silver and gold thimbles have tiny *fleurs de-lis* all over them, and some are set with turquoises instead of having the usual knurling.

Charmingly simple evening dresses for young girls in their first season are of the soft white Japanese crape that has deep crimson crinkles and very silky surface. They are made with a baby waist with two frills of chiffon falling from the low round neck and caught up high on the shoulders; the full skirt is gathered to the waist and barely touches the floor; two large puffs of chiffon form the sleeves and are held by a bow inside the elbow; white satin ribbon starts from a bow on the left shoulder, and passes in two rows under the right arm to end in a large Japanese bow in the back at the waist line. Other pretty gowns, all pink or all blue, are of any soft French silk, satin, or bengaline. The bell skirt is bordered with a twist of chiffon with satin ribbon wound in it and knotted at intervals. The low round waist has the silk draped across it from shoulder to shoulder, a twist of chiffon and ribbon for trimming the neck, and bunched-up chiffon sleeves. A girlish finish is given to the round waist by satin ribbon five inches wide set on the front as a belt, then carried up in the back to the neck, and tied there in a bow with long ends that hang nearly to the end of the skirt.

Paris modistes make great use of mole-skin this season in its natural gray shade with soft, short, close pile like that of velvet. It is used for plastrons and girdles of cloth or silk gowns, and is a very effective trimming for cloth coats of mauve and brown shades embroidered with fine jet beads.

Mantles of vicuna wool in fawn and brown shades, trimmed with brown badger fur, are very stylish. LA MODE.

Song of the Candidate.

I.

I am a candidate.
The mighty ship of state,
You see, needs mighty careful steering now.
I am a modest man,
But better statesman than
Your humble servant never turned a prow.

II.

The people sigh for me,
Although, of course, they see
How shy and how retiring I am.
They won't let me alone,
Although I frankly own
For office I don't give a tinker's dam.

III.

So I'm a candidate,
Publicity I hate;
But here I am before you, as you see,
More certain every minute
That the other chaps ain't in it—
And, by the way, I hope you'll vote for me.

He Could be Useful.

"You must stay at home to-day," said the humorist's wife.

"Why?"

"I am going to stuff the turkey for to-morrow, and I expect you to furnish the chestnuts."

Mrs. Moriarty's Scheme.

Mrs. M. (loq.)—Shure, it's the great pity to be lavin' The Billmont rope widout wan' all the toime barrin St. Pathrick's day and the Fourth', when it's the beautiful clothes line it makes.

Las Vegas Hot Springs

LAS VEGAS, SANTA FE, ALBUQUERQUE, LAS CRUCES AND DUNING.

These lithia springs are easily accessible by the Santa Fe railroad, in about forty hours from Chicago in a luxurious coach and over a smooth roadbed.

The springs are numerous and the water is of all temperatures (from hot to cool), and has a great reputation for the cure of rheumatism, gout, gravel, skin diseases, catarrh, lithiasis, etc.

There is no malaria there, and the location is delightful at any time of the year. The climate of that high altitude, is invigorating, rendering the baths doubly beneficial. Accommodations ample and reasonable.

References—Profs. W. S. Haines, W. H. Byford, A. Reeves Jackson, R. N. Isham, E. Andrews, D. R. Brower, T. S. Hoyne, Drs. J. J. Hanson, Chas. Gilman Smith, E. J. Doening, J. F. Todd, D. T. Nelson, T. C. Duncan, J. F. Danter, and others.

Write for book and see analysis of the water, and the many testimonials.

For particulars as to routes, trains, rates, etc., to any of the above points mentioned, address any Santa Fe R. R. ticket office, or

212 CLARK STREET, CHICAGO.
261 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
332 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.
40 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

Editorial Ability.

In a recent number of the New York *Journalist* that paper takes the ground that the shears are quite as important at times as the quill. The following is what it says:

"A good many people do not know that an editor's selections from his contemporaries are quite often the best test of his editorial ability, and that the function of the scissors is not merely to fill up vacant spaces, but to reproduce the brightest and best thoughts and the most attractive news from all sources at the editor's command. There are times when the editor opens his exchanges and finds a feast for eyes, heart and soul. The thoughts of his contemporaries glow with life. He wishes his readers to enjoy the feast, and he lovingly takes up the scissors and clips and clips, and sighs to think that his space is inadequate to contain all the treasures so prodigally spread before him. Your true editor is generous, and will sacrifice his own ambition as a writer during such festal occasions, and it is of far more profit to his readers to set before them the original dish of dainties with the label of the real author affixed, than to appropriate the best thoughts to himself and reproduce them as his own. After all, the true test of a newspaper's real value is not the amount of original matter it contains, but the average quality of all the matter appearing in its columns, whether original or selected."

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

FAIL.—Quotations are not studied.

A. W.—The Star Spangled Banner, Amelia, and Yankee Doodle show each other off the pedestal. Why do you demand answer in "next issue?" That is quite an unnecessary exertion. You take your turn

DIANA STEWART.—This writing lacks imagination and sympathy, but shows a careful, conscientious, and somewhat confiding disposition, not buoyant or very pushing, but even, just and kindly. Writer is a little impatient and unreasonable sometimes.

JOSIE.—A very unkempt hand with a certain amount of power and originality, energy and hope, some ambition, inconsistency and caprice, lack of judgment and abundance of speech. I really can't study it any more, Josie, for I am sure it does you injustice.

SARA.—I find your letter among several which lacked the requisite coupon and were laid aside in consequence. You are idealistic, sympathetic, rather just than generous, confiding, and accommodating yourself to new circumstances. Your decision is rather fitful, but strong and you have tact and ability markedly visible.

SIMPER PARATUS.—You are hopeful, energetic, persevering, a little self-willed, warm hearted, fond of a good time, but prudent and not apt to let your heels run away with your head. You have a healthy self-esteem and are candid and constant and a somewhat blunt and inconsiderate but on the whole likeable fellow.

PRUDENCE.—Your *nom de plume* suits you capitally. You have idealism but not in ex vis, are rather careful and methodical, not very original, of even temperament, love your own way, your own opinions and your own belongings slightly better than your neighbors'; sympathy and tact are small, but you are amiable and easy going and will make very few enemies. Writing lacks artistic taste and intuition.

BESSIE W.—Some refinement and decided mind and will are shown in your study. You are fond of talk and action, and like sociability, have elevated tendencies, and can accommodate yourself to circumstances, are rather hasty both in speech and sentiment. Are a person of energy lacking self-control, and discipline. Have fits of decision and wavering, but on the whole make a good study.

CORDELIA.—This is a careless and rather sharp tempered lady, by no means akin to her regal *nom de plume*. She has good energy, but is not often expended for anyone but herself, her judgment is good, in fact, sometimes her her own advantage is concerned, she is refined in certain matters, has some affection, and very good decision. She writes for her characterization that she may decide which of two lovers to chose as her husband. That idea, whether real or assumed, gives a perfect clue to her character.

JIM (Buffalo).—I add your address, as your letter has lain a long time neglected, because no coupon was enclosed. Your writing shows vast energy, and impulse and always carefully directed. Your judgment is sometimes harsh, and your speech a little extravagant. But you are less headed, persistent, apt to hold on to anything you obtain, rather fond of life's good things, you have good power of imagination, are a little sensitive, and would stand a good deal of guidance from wiser folks, but you are not easy to guide or advise.

PRAYTE.—It would not be difficult to say something also about your writing. It is very pleasing though it lacks flesh of a certain sort. It shows facility, humor, conscientiousness, excellent judgment, a little self-esteem, a very socially inclined and companionable nature, very firm decision and perseverance. You will probably carry out a project with unabated effort to the end. You are not hopeful nor ambitious, rather master of fact and practical and would never count your chickens before they were hatched. As I said before your writing is very characteristic and your mind is also probably original.

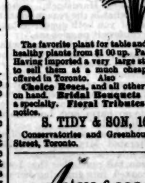
PURPLE HEATHER.—1. Your enclosure was peculiarly welcome. When I opened your letter my thoughts were in that far land and it seemed more than ordinarily a happy coincidence. 2 Hiawatha's canoe was named "Chesmanu" (see Longfellow). 3. Writing shows adaptability, energy, self-will, carelessness, great prudence (don't you hate to give up a plan? I would sometimes, though, rather that he if cost too much if I were you) You are a little inconstant, very good-tempered, rather open-hearted, though discreet enough, and honest as the day is long. I think more determination and strength of purpose would fill out your character, but I believe you have time to get both before you, eh?

BUTT.—1. That depends upon circumstances. If they are respectable folk and not vulgar or otherwise objectionable, and you meet frequently I don't see why you should not recognize them. 2. However, that depends upon circumstances. Good people prefer just their own little *clique*, others have kindly sympathies and good will for all. 3. Will tell you next week. 2. Your writing shows imagination, affectation, which might degenerate into falseness, a will obstinate, but still swayed by and influence more than be healthy, ambition of a slightly shown, tenacity, temper and perseverance are plain, care and a sense of humor, with some kindness and unwillingness to wincse or inflict pain. Writer has little nerve or self-control is willful but winsome.

TEACHER.—1. Your letter came some time some weeks. The visitors' days are Tuesday and Saturday from 2 to 4 p. m. 2 It is a very fine production. You should not do your thinking until you are aware of the facts. There was nothing objectionable in the way you imagined. The names of the promoters of the affair should have reassured you if you know anything about Toronto's better classes. 3. No, I am very much averse to using the church for any purpose but divine service. 4. We two, in the Golden Days, is a Mr. Ernest, are some of them. I prefer the latter to any others. Its tone is very pure and high. As you have read Donovan, you know Erne has Lyall's style. 5. I don't think I will delineate your writing as it seems in a transition stage and will no doubt change as well as your character in a few years' time.

Around the World

The Canadian Pacific Railway, having met with so much success last winter in their "Around the World" excursions, have just completed arrangements with the Peninsular & Oriental S. N. Co. and the fast steamship lines on the trans-Atlantic route to run these "Around the World" excursions at the rate of $610. This rate will apply in either direction, and for slight additional cost variation can be made in the route to travel over India, Egypt and Continental Europe. For further particulars apply to W. R. Callaway, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.



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Choice Roses, and all other seasonable flowers always on hand. Bridal Bouquets and Wedding Decorations a specialty. Floral Tributes of all kinds made on short notice.

S. TIDY & SON, 164 Yonge Street
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Armson & Stone.
Choice Evening Silks
Laces and Nets

Bangaline Silk, only	60c.
Chiffon Silks	75c.
Choice Heavy Faille Silks	75c.
Black Silks Surge de Lyon, our renowned make	To. to $2

Beautiful Nets and Laces away down in prices.

212 YONGE STREET

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

MOST folks are "in it"—the social ring. We may expect not less than the average range of social parties and evening entertainments for some time to come.

Evening silks come in here all right, do they not? We feel quite sure that we can please the taste of any lady looking for a silk of a fashionable shade. In giving here a few quotations let's tell you how exquisitely pretty is the line of Broche Silks in evening shades. We'd like you to see them, or if you live out of town drop a post card for samples.

Broche Surge, colored, 22 in., 35c
Broche, handsome evening shades, 65c., $1, $1 25.
Pongees, latest shades, 30c
Pongees, figured designs, 45c.
Chines, all colors, 65c.
Colored Failles, 75c., 90c.
Colored Bengalines, 90c., $1.25.

At the same counters are Black Silk Velvets, 85c., $1, $1.25 and Colored Silk Velvets, 65c., 85c., $1.

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LADIES should visit our PHONOGRAPH PARLOR connected with the Agency. Handsomely and comfortably furnished. Only 5c to hear any one of 200 choicest musical and spoken records.

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Thoroughly dry and delivered to any part of the city or any part of your premises at the following prices (per when delivered), viz: 6 crates for $1; 13 crates, $2; 30 crates, $3 A crate holds as much as a barrel. Send a post card to HARVIE & CO., 20 Sheppard Street, or go to your nearest Grocer or Druggist and telephone 1570.

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SHORT ROUTE TO LONDON AND CONTINENT
Fast express steamers bi-weekly.
MEDITERRANEAN LINE
Fast express steamers bi-monthly.
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WINTER RATES NOW IN FORCE.
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MISS PATON, whose rooms are filled with the latest designs in street and evening costumes, has received a consignment of Paris novelties and models of handsome costumes for winter wear. Ladies will find a variety to meet every occasion, and good fit and work guaranteed.
Rooms, Golden Lion, R. Walker & Sons, 35 King Street East

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Equipoise Waist

Fine Ordered Corsets

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STANDARD
DRESS BONES
The steel is extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior sateen. Can be relied on not to stain, cut through at the ends, or become detached.
Ask for Them
They are the Best
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All the Leading Retail Dry Goods Merchants Throughout the Dominion

Dorenwend's Xmas Presents
Beautiful Ladies' Pins, and Combs and Hair Ornaments in Steel, REAL SHELL, Jet, Gold, Silver Pins, etc., just arrived from Europe, the loveliest goods ever offered in Toronto.
See my handsome Bangs and Switches. Big reduction during this holiday sale.
Hair Dressing, Shampooing, etc., to perfection at my rooms.
103 & 105 Yonge St. TELEPHONE 1551

MILLINERY

See our complete and well assorted stock for this season. Latest and leading styles, novel designs. Artistically fashioned to meet the requirements of each customer.
Dress and Mantle Making Our Art
Perfect fit, combined with elegant style and fine work. Leave orders early to secure prompt attention.
DRESS CUTTING taught fully by our New Tailor System. Send for illustrated circular. Inducements to agents.
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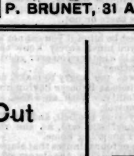
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CONSTANCE.

By F. C. PHILIPS,

Author of "The Dean and His Daughter," "As in a Looking Glass," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER VII.

Mrs. Armitage remained in Clarges street with the Strangways until Christmas was over, and then she resolved to take a little *pied-a-terre* of her own. However small it might be, she was certain that she would be happier in being independent. Arthur was sent to a public school where, like most English boys, he was soon contented enough, and Constance found a home in West Kensington at a low rental, which she felt would suit her requirements.

Rebecca saw no reason why her sister should not take up her residence permanently under her roof, but to this Constance would not agree. There were many points on which she and Rebecca differed, and it is rarely wise for very near relations to live together; as a rule, they are infinitely better friends apart.

But above and beyond all, there was one vital reason why Constance must have a home of her own. Little Eva, who was the apple of her mother's eye, had become quite a bone of contention since she had been beneath her aunt's roof. Mrs. Strangways was not accustomed to children. She was not particularly fond of them and expected a uniform obedience and docility that she failed to find in Eva. That young lady was not a model child; she had been more or less spoiled all her life, and having been accustomed to an open-air freedom, she did not take kindly to the restrictions now imposed upon her. Constance felt that she would be entirely ruined if this state of things were to continue.

"Eva is not a naughty child," she remarked to her sister, when that lady had been enlarging upon the little girl's mischievous proclivities, "you cannot expect an old head on such young shoulders.

"My dear Constance, when I was a child I was made to behave myself. I had to sit still, whether I liked it or not; and I do not see why the children of the present generation should be allowed to do exactly as they please.

Mrs. Armitage made no reply. She knew that Eva was very far from perfect; but after all, her children were the two things on earth their mother loved, and their well-being would always come before every other consideration.

A good deal of their furniture, with her own personal effects, was forwarded from Greystone, and for many days Constance was busied in making her new home bright and cheerful. At the end of the week she had settled down with a comfortable feeling that there was nothing more to be done, and that everything was very snug and cosy. Lord Hardstock had kept up the establishment precisely as in his late owner's lifetime, and Pratt, who had been with Mrs. Armitage for some years, was most anxious to re-enter her service. It gave Constance a real pang to be obliged to refuse, but the wages she had once given were far beyond her present resources, and she was disinclined to offer less, although indeed the woman was so devoted to her mistress that she would gladly have taken what she could afford to give her. She therefore came to the conclusion that the matter was not to be thought of.

"But ma'am, you must have somebody to do for you." Poor Pratt was really wounded. It was difficult to make her understand that Mrs. Armitage no longer required a maid, and she went away feeling both hurt and angry. Perhaps Constance had never felt her loss of wealth so keenly as now.

One morning as she came down to breakfast she found a letter by her plate. It was from Lord Hardstock, and ran as follows:

"DEAR MRS. ARMITAGE,—Perhaps you may have heard that I am sending the horses to Tattersall's. It is extremely unlikely that I shall remain here. In the meantime your favorite mare, Judith, and your phaet n, will accompany the others and await your instructions where they are to be sent. I could not bear to think that Judith should be driven by any hand but yours. Perhaps, too, you may know some means of getting about. You will not, I am sure, refuse to accept what after all is actually your own property.

"Always sincerely yours,

"HARDSTOCK."

Constance was troubled. No doubt the offer was kindly meant and had been made with a good deal of tact. It was impossible that she could do anything but accept it in the same spirit, though she hated to place herself under any obligation to this man. It was gall and wormwood to her. Rebecca was loud in her praises when she heard of Lord Hardstock's liberality.

"Upon my word," said she, "you are a most unreasonable woman. I cannot imagine what fault you have to find with this man. He is courtly and polished and handsome and would do a great deal more for you, if you would only let him."

"That is precisely the point," said Constance coldly. "I prefer not to accept benefits at his hands."

Mrs. Strangways laid down her work and looked at her sister. "You know that he has let Greystone," she said.

"Yes. Pratt told me. It does not much signify who lives there, as I am never likely to cross its threshold again."

She said as she spoke, for it had been somewhat of a shock to learn that the property that should have been her boy's had actually passed into the hands of strangers.

"Do you know how long he is let for?"

"No. What do you mean?"

"This is what I mean, Constance," said Mrs. Strangways, impressively, as she felt the occasion demanded. "I mean that there can be only one interpretation to be put upon Lord Hardstock's action in the matter. He has let Greystone for one year only, leaving it optional whether he returns there or not.

"How can that possibly affect me?"

"Do mean indeed be blind if you cannot see that. Constance, you must surely know that it rests with yourself whether you ever go back to Greystone as mistress."

Mrs. Armitage was too angry to make any reply: she was furious at Rebecca having hinted at such a possibility. With an effort she regained her self-control.

"Will you kindly ring the bell, and let William get me a hansom?" she said, as she rose from her chair. "I am going home."

During the three or four minutes that elapsed before the cab was at the door, the sisters sat in silence and when Constance swept downstairs and out of the house with the coldest of good-byes on her lips, Mrs. Strangways realized that she had made a terrible mistake, and that despite her sister's weakness and gentleness she could be roused to a very good imitation of what she, Rebecca, called temper.

And as she drove home Constance pressed her white teeth on her under lip. "How dare she!" she cried. "How dare she suggest anything so horrible! What have I ever done that she should say such things to me!" Arriving home she put her latch-key in the door, walked quickly upstairs to the drawing-room, and stood face to face with Lord Hardstock. There he sat comfortably enconced in a big chair with Eva perched on his lap looking very much at home. What was Constance to do? There was but one thing possible—to hold out her hand in greeting. But there was no warmth in her manner, and she carefully refrained from expressing anything but surprise at seeing him. She unbuttoned her gloves and sat down, wondering how long he intended to stay, and almost as if he read her thoughts he said, "I have been waiting more than an hour to see you. I am only passing through town, as I am off to Monte Carlo."

Constance breathed more freely.

"Lord Hardstock would not have tea with me, mamma, because he said it was nearly your dinner time," said Eva.

"I am afraid so," began Constance nervously. "You are going out this evening? What a disappointment! I had hoped for a couple of hours' chat, as I shall be off too early to-morrow morning to see you again."

Constance resigned herself to the inevitable. She told Lord Hardstock that she was going nowhere, and that if he would join her simple meal she would be pleased. And then she went upstairs wearily to lay her bonnet aside and to reflect how awkwardly things had turned out.

"Well, it cannot be helped," she said aloud, as she smoothed her ruffled hair. "It is better that he should remain an hour or two now than come again to-morrow."

As I have already said, Lord Hardstock was a brilliant conversationalist—no man living could be more charming and amiable than he when he had a motive for being so, and to-night he was at his best. In spite of herself Constance was amused and entertained. By neither word nor look did he offend, scrupulously careful to steer clear of any dangerous subject, and after Eva had gone to bed instead of going away as Mrs. Armitage expected him to do, he sat down at the piano and sang several songs and sang them remarkably well.

"You did not know I could sing!" he asked, with a twinkle in his eye, noting her astonishment.

"No, indeed, I did not."

"I wonder if you know very much about me in any respect, Mrs. Armitage! Ah, I have led a curious life. I have been face to face with starvation more than once, and if anyone had told me that I should wake up some fine morning and find myself rich and still be unsatisfied and discontented, I should have thought it a good joke. And yet that day has come."

"Sing me something else," said Constance quickly.

He smiled and turned again to the piano.

"Or as long ago when the rosts of the rose
Lay in the light of the glad summer day,
Someone I loved gathered one snow-white blossom,
And gave it to me as he sigh'd and was gone.

"He said but one word, my darling, my darling!
I love you as dearly as e'er man loved yet,
So ever since then the scent of the roses
Awakes in my heart a strange throb of regret.
Ever since then, ever since then,
Ever since then, love, ever since then."

There were tears in Constance's eyes when the last note of Hope Temple's beautiful song died away. She was vexed with herself that she should so moved.

Lord Hardstock strolled over to the fire. "You are not looking well—a town life does not suit you."

"On the contrary I am in excellent health. I get a good deal of exercise one way and another."

"But you must miss the pure Norfolk air!"

"No, I don't think I do, and I am very fond of London."

It was ten o'clock before Lord Hardstock took his leave. Constance was surprised to find it was so late.

"I hope I have not outstayed my welcome," he said as he held the slim fingers in his own. And Constance almost blushed as she recalled her ungraciousness. She had never liked him so well before, or rather had never disliked him so little. Satan can sometimes pass as an angel of light, and Lord Hardstock was not only a well-bred man, but he was quite clever enough to make the most of an opportunity. He had set his heart upon winning the love of this woman, and he was determined to move Heaven and earth to ensure his success.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mrs. Strangways might be forgiven for calling her sister inconsistent when she heard of that *tete-a-tete* dinner, as she did from Lord Hardstock's own lips. Constance doubtless had her reasons for acting thus, but it certainly looked odd.

"I confess I do not understand," said she to Mr. Strangways, "why Constance should have marched out of my house in that high and mighty fashion, simply because I hinted that Lord Hardstock was in love with her, and then have come home and spent the evening alone with him."

But Mr. Strangways, poor man, had long ago given up all hope of fathoming the vagaries of the gentler sex, and contented himself with mildly shaking his head. His sister-in-law was a woman, and therefore in his mind an unreasonable animal.

"She will explain her motives, I dare say," he remarked blandly, with the laudable intention of not adding oil upon the troubled waters.

But that is exactly what Constance did not do; indeed, she never referred to the subject at all, and consequently Rebecca waxed wroth, and at length could keep silent no longer.

"We are going to dine at Sir George Foster's to-morrow," she remarked, as she and her sister were driving together in the Park (Sir George was a famous judge, and since their student days had been a great friend of Mr. Strangways). "I do wish you could come with us, you would have enjoyed it, I think."

"I very much doubt it," said Constance with a laugh. "I know what those dinners are, tiresome and tedious in the extreme.

"You would at least have met one congenial spirit," said Rebecca, somewhat sharply. "Lord Hardstock is going to be there."

Constance blushed guiltily.

"I thought—that is to say, I understood that he had gone to Monte Carlo. She stammered.

"Did you! That is curious, for as a matter of fact I believe he did intend going there, had not some unexpected business cropped up to keep him in town."

Mrs. Armitage's heart sank; she regretted her cordiality and civility now that she found Lord Hardstock was to be at her right hand. She felt secure believing that he would be miles away. But in reality she had nothing to fear. Lord Hardstock was far too astute to push beyond proper limits any advantage he might have gained. He did not appear at the little *menage* in West Kensington for more than a fortnight, and when he did appear he came under Mrs. Strangways' wing.

Rebecca was one of those individuals so often met with, who imagine they know a great deal more of the inner lives of existence dit not hold some thorns, and Constance's affairs promised a fertile ground for grubbing. The vexed point which now troubled her was the lonely life her sister was leading.

"In the first place it is not good for you, Constance, she remarked one day, "and moreover it does not look well. You ought to have a companion."

"I dear Rebecca, what in the world should I do with one! I could not endure to have anybody at my beals all day long."

"Nonsense! You need not talk nonsense," said Lord Hardstock, who with Eva on his lap sat at some little distance.

Constance did not reply, but she fixed a keen disdainful look upon him. Had he inoculated her sister with these absurd notions?

Then Rebecca took up the theme. "Of course she must be horribly dull and lonely," she said.

"I am neither one nor the other. Eva is quite companion enough for me."

Rebecca caught gratefully at the mention of her niece's name. "For her sake quite as much as your own you really ought to have someone," she said firmly. "I suppose that it has never occurred to you that when you are away from home your child is left entirely to the servants. Besides, she is old enough now to receive some instruction."

Constance began to waver. She was ready to do anything for Eva's good, but she felt that if the child must be taught she herself was the proper person to undertake the task. Then, too, it was annoying that this discussion should have taken place in the presence of a stranger, and she could not but consider that her sister was wanting in tact to have introduced it.

"There is ample time for study in Eva's case," she said quietly. "At present I see no occasion for either governess or companion."

"It is a pity you should set your face against it," answered Mrs. Strangways. "You are strangely perverse at times, Constance."

"Am I? Well, you see, this is a matter in which I may perhaps be pardoned for considering myself the best judge."

"I fail to see your reasons."

"There is one reason apart from everything else that would preclude all possibility of such a thing. With my present income I could not afford it."

"That need not stand in the way, my dear Mrs. Armitage, if you will permit me to discuss the matter with you," said Lord Hardstock. "I know of a charming woman who would be only too delighted to give her services in exchange for a home such as this would be. She is a lady in every sense of the word, and I am sure my little friend here would love her dearly," he continued, bestowing a kiss on Eva, who, small coquette as she was, hung her head bashfully, and then flung her arms round his neck and returned the embrace with interest.

"Your friend may be a model of all the virtues," said Constance coldly, "but I do not intend to engage anybody. I could not possibly accept services for which I paid nothing; and, as I have already told you, my present expenses forbid me to add another member to my household."

"In that case there is no more to be said," answered Lord Hardstock.

"I repeat that I should very much dislike any such arrangement."

"Ah! If you could only see Miss Baillie you would change your mind," said Lord Hardstock eagerly. "I am sure you would find her perfectly charming. The idea has never occurred to me since we have been sitting here. But if it could be arranged, it would be a positive boon to her, poor girl, for her income is now so small since the death of her father (who by the way was colonel of the 100th Hussars), that it is absolutely necessary she should find a home. It is really a great pity."

"Yes," said Mrs. Armitage softly, "no doubt it is a pity." And she adroitly turned the conversation into another channel and neither Lord Hardstock nor her sister had an opportunity of referring to the subject again.

But this was by no means the last that Constance was to hear of it. On the principle that constant dropping must wear away a stone, Mrs. Strangways instilled into Constance's mind on every possible occasion the risk that little Eva ran of acquiring vulgar habits from intercourse with the servants, and as spring came round, Mrs. Armitage began to realize that the child was left to herself a good deal, and was growing more wilful and less amenable to control every day. But she hated to have a stranger about her, and yet for Eva's sake she was prepared to make any sacrifice.

And so at last Mrs. Strangways carried her point. Constance would not have a companion for herself, but it might be better that her little girl should be under the care of a kind, good woman, who would watch over her and check her faults, as poor Constance wish a deep sigh acknowledged that she was incapable of doing. But it was a very great concession, and having made it, she felt desperately inclined to revoke her promise.

"Understand one thing, Rebecca," she said to her sister, a day or two later. "I will myself choose the person to whom I entrust the education of my child. I am perfectly capable of forming my own opinion, and should not dream of engaging anybody whom I did not personally select."

"It is a pity you did not say so sooner," cried Mrs. Strangways angrily, "for I wrote to Lord Hardstock last night and told him that you had consented to receive Miss Baillie."

"You wrote to Lord Hardstock," echoed Constance. "Pray what is the reason this extraordinary interest you both appear to take in this person? I confess it puzzles me."

"I never saw her in my life, but from what I am told she appears to be exactly what you require. For goodness' sake, Constance, try and be a little reasonable. I am sorry I have written since you seem so vexed at my having done so, but after what has happened I trust you will at least see the girl and judge for yourself. It can do no harm, and Lord Hardstock would think it so odd."

"I think it odd, but I suppose that it is of no consequence," reiterated Mrs. Armitage bitterly. "See your mind at rest, Rebecca, I will see this paragon, but remember that I will not be cajoled or coaxed into engaging her unless I choose to do so."

"Nobody could possibly wish that," answered Mrs. Strangways, considerably ruffled.

Miss Baillie had certainly everything against her when she paid her first visit to West Kensington. Constance had fully made up her mind to decline her services courteously, but as decidedly as possible. But at the end of a quarter of an hour Mrs. Armitage had begun to waver; before another five minutes had passed her objections and prejudices were melting one by one into thin air, and when the half hour struck Eva was sent for, and Eva herself decided the question. "I do not want Miss Baillie to go away, mamma. I love her."

The child had joined forces with the enemy and Constance was routed. Miss Baillie was not in the very least like what Mrs. Armitage had expected her to be. Nothing had been said about her appearance, and Constance had pictured her as tall, gaunt and masculine, but Emily Baillie was a beautiful blonde, rather under than over the medium height, with heavy masses of sunny hair and large brown eyes, and her voice was that most excellent thing in women—low and sweet. She gave Constance the impression of being much younger than she really was. It was a case of *veni, vidit, vici.*

"I sincerely trust that I have not done a foolish thing," said Mrs. Armitage to herself that same night, when Miss Baillie's winsome face and caressing voice had ceased to charm. "But they all seem to wish it, and, after all, it is not irrevocable, for at any moment I can retire from my bargain. If Eva is happy and contented that is the main thing."

CHAPTER IX.

During the weeks that followed, Mrs. Armitage was compelled to confess that the governess was a success looked at from every point of view—all that could possibly be desired. Under her influence Eva became tractable and docile. The child's fits of passion were things of the past; she was bright and happy and devoted to her new friend. For once in her life Constance acknowledged that her sister had been wiser than she, and half hesitatingly thanked Lord Hardstock for having sent such a treasure.

Rebecca held up her head with that affectation of superiority she so often assumed when talking to her sister.

"Your fondness for your child completely blinds you to her many faults," she said. "It is a happy thing for her that we later cred, or assuredly she would have been entirely spoiled."

About the middle of March came an invitation from Gerald Armitage. Would Constance go to Paris, and spend a month with them? It was a tempting offer.

"Daphne is longing to be introduced to her sister-in-law," wrote Gerald. "You shall be as quiet as you please—only come."

"If Miss Baillie were not here it would be impossible to leave Eva," reflected Constance, "but as it is I really do not see why I should not go."

Rebecca was not very enthusiastic over the idea. She hinted that it was rather too soon to think of going into society again.

But she's opposition determined Constance. She felt that it would be a real relief to get away for a time, and so she resolved to accept her brother-in-law's invitation. After she had penned her note to him she sat languidly biting the top of a pen, and unable to make up her mind whether to write a certain other letter or not. For if she was going to Paris she would of course see Basil St. Quentin, and she told herself that he would not take it kindly if she did not let him know that she was going. She had had three or four letters in as many months. He was not a good correspondent, but somehow Constance reading between the lines was very satisfied with what they told. Finally she dashed off a hasty line and sent the two letters out at once to be posted.

With all the contrariety of woman, Mrs. Armitage felt somewhat hurt that Eva showed so little emotion at the prospect of her mother's departure, when as a matter of fact she ought to have been relieved, since it undoubtedly made things smoother. And yet the foolish woman had some difficulty in restraining a tear. The truth is, children were slaves in the past and are slaves up to the present moment. If they are happy they rarely look ahead, and Miss Baillie had already made such admirable use of her opportunities that her little pupil was devoted to her. She could dress dolls and make funny old women out of bread-crumbs, with scarlet cloaks and baskets on their backs to hold matches, and she could sing quaint nursery ditties that delighted Eva, and she was perfectly at ease with them in a way Constance or took at. Five years old asks for nothing beyond.

There was one person who in common with Mrs. Strangways would have put a veto on this visit if he dared, and that person was Lord Hardstock. During the month that Miss Baillie had lived with her Lord Hardstock had been conspicuous by his absence. Not that Constance was duly grateful. She could never overcome a certain shrinking and aversion with which he had always inspired her, though she took herself soundly to task for it, analyzing her reasons and failing to find any valid ones, and yet unable to tutor herself into anything else.

The afternoon before she left town she found him in her sister's drawing-room. She had visited Rebecca good-bye, and it was quite an afterthought that she had gone to Clarges street at all, but having forgotten a certain handkerchief she took Eva and her governess and drove over in the pony carriage.

Lord Hardstock was alone in the room when she went in.

"I was coming to see you to-night," he said, with quite an aggrieved air. "I think you might have let me know you were going out of town."

"Why should I?" answered Constance, with a laugh. "I did not suppose you would be particularly interested in my movements."

"I often wonder if you have the least idea how much pain you inflict upon me by affecting an ignorance respecting my feelings towards you."

Constance drew herself up and looked him full in the face. "I am at a loss to understand what you can possibly mean," she said feily. At that moment to her inexpressible relief Mrs. Strangways entered the room, and the conversation became general. When she rose to go Lord Hardstock accompanied her downstairs, and helped her into the carriage, shaking

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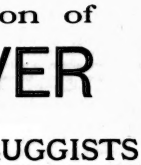

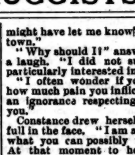

ing hands with Miss Baillie and pinching Eva's soft cheek, and when he had tucked the rugs closely about her he bent his head humbly.

"May I come and make my peace this evening?" Constance colored, conscious that the eyes of the governess were fixed upon her.

"I am sorry that I shall not be at home tonight," she said. "So I will say good-bye now, Lord Hardstock."

Her fingers rested on his for a second only, and feeling considerably snubbed and crestfallen, Lord Hardstock went back to Mrs. Strangways. That lady was becoming quite an ally of his. Truth to tell, she was sorry for him, believing that her sister was coquetting in a way that she could never have credited, and she was ready to do anything in her power to further his love suit, and Lord Hardstock was duly grateful. Constance drove home at a pace she rarely indulged in, flicking her whip over Judith's satin coat in a way wholly unfamiliar to the gray mare. She was very angry. Lord Hardstock seemed irrepressible. It seemed impossible to make him understand that his attentions were unwelcome.

"If it were for no other reason than to rid myself of him I should be glad to leave London," she said to herself, and on the morrow she left by the mid-day train.

. . . . . .

"Yes, it's very pleasant. I do precisely as I like, but it is the least bit embarrassing at times to parry questions. That pleasing little fiction about my father, for instance—the colonel of the 100th Hussars—I could laugh when I think of it." The speaker was Emily Baillie, and her companion, Lord Hardstock.

Mrs. Armitage would have been very much astonished could she have seen her nieces curled up on a couch in Lord Hardstock's rooms in the Albany with a cigarette between her lips. But luckily for some of us sinners, the instrument has not yet been invented that enables our friends and acquaintances to see over the miles of space that the telephone bridges. And so Emily Baillie smoked on in a blissful security.

"It is too funny," said the girl, with a low musical laugh, as she lay and watched the rings of smoke above her head. And then her thought went back to the night, some six months ago, when she had first seen Lord Hardstock. The Ambassadeurs in the Champs Elysees had been crowded, and Emily in virgin white, very *decollete* but decidedly bewitching, had trilled forth her song, which truth compels me to admit was somewhat risky.

Lord Hardstock was charmed, and when "Mademoiselle de Fanu," as she was called in the programme, read the word or two handed to her by her dresser, she quietly put on her hat, adjusted her veil, and wrapping a cloak round her joined her latest admirer with the utmost *sangfroid*.

The acquaintance thus begun ripened and expanded into a very fair imitation of what the latter part of the nineteenth century passes current for love; anyhow it was so at least on Lord Hardstock's side. He swore that he could not live without Emily, and that he had never been so hard hit before and he managed at least to convince Mademoiselle de Fanu that he was sincere, as he doubtless was.

That young lady's vanity was tickled. Her new conquest commended itself to her. She was tantalizing and bewildering and—what surprised Lord Hardstock more than a little, within a month after their *liason* had commenced she began to speak of marriage and indeed to make it as the price of her continuing in his society. Lord Hardstock, of course, regarded the idea as utterly absurd. But Mademoiselle de Fanu professed to take an entirely different view.

"Why should you not marry me?" she asked. "I am fairly well educated, and I should pass muster in society. You would never be ashamed of me, although I was born in a circus tent, and understand jumping through the hoops and the hard work of those were jolly days! How I hated Aunt Tabitha when she 'rescued' me, as she persisted in calling it, and sent me to Paris where I was licked into shape and taught manners; but I have since learned to be grateful to her, although I shall always be more or less a Bohemian. It is in the blood, I suppose."

"You will always be a beautiful woman, Emily," Lord Hardstock answered admiringly, and then he changed the conversation. The subject of matrimony was not at all to his taste. This was in the first golden days of August, and he had contrived never to be out of sight of her since. She interested him, and he was never insensible to the charm of a beautiful face, and at last he promised to marry her. O! course he never had the slightest intention of keeping his word, but the promise successfully satisfied any misgivings Emily herself might have had, and she was perfectly contented. And then Lord Hardstock suddenly discovered that this girl might be very useful to him, and on the pretense of wishing her to associate with that society she would ultimately enter, he persuaded her to accept her present position in Mrs. Armitage's household.

"You like your life then!" asked Lord Hardstock after a pause.

"Like it," she echoed. "If you were sent to prison would you like it?"

"It will not last long," said he. "You must be patient, my darling.

"All the same I don't see the use of it. It is horribly boring on probation, as it were."

"You shall not stop a day longer than you wish."

"It is so dull," said Emily, with a yawn. "There are no visitors except women, and most may of them."

"It agrees with you nevertheless," Lord Hardstock's eye traveled down the beautiful figure in its clinging draperies, and its rounded contours and voluptuous curves. "A lazy life suits you."

"I warn you that it won't suit me for long," she cried rebelliously. "You will have to marry me soon, Rupert, or—"

"There is no need for threats," he said sulkily. "When the right time comes I shall keep my word."

(To be Continued.)

May Molesworth's Manœuvres.

(Written for Saturday Night.)

"Now, Kit, you don't mean to tell me that you are still hankering after Tom Carroll?"

"I'm afraid I am, May," returns Kitty Nesbitt with a sigh.

"But how was it that he didn't come up to your expectations last year at Ryde," inquires Mrs. Molesworth. "Why, we all thought you were engaged, and I was just going to send you my congratulations when in walked that husband of mine and coolly informed me that it was all a mistake, and Tom had gone to Canada and you to some unpronounceable Welsh place. Now, I should like to know what on earth was the matter?"

"Well," says her cousin dejectedly, "it was just this way: All the summer at Ryde he was yachting, and driving, and going everywhere with us, and gradually he came more and more with me, till at last it was always me, and people began to notice it—I know they did. That was the time Jessie Nicholson came to stay with us. She had met him before, up in Scotland, and I think he paid her a little attention, and she didn't like being put aside for me. I think that was how it began."

"Very likely," says May. "Jessie always was a jealous sort of girl, and just as sure as anyone else got any attention she invariably tried to cut her out. Well, go on! What did she do?"

"Oh, she didn't do anything for a little while," said Kitty. "She soon saw he was going to take any notice of her, so she just left us alone, and I thought how nice she was about it and how happy we had said undeservedly hard things about her. I was soon undeceived though. You know there were a lot of us at Ryde last summer, the Collis girls and their brother, who was home on leave from India. Mr. and Mrs. Retter and her sister, Miss Gra'ioi, and the Warrens had a party on their yacht, the Daphne. Well, it got to be so at last that Tom Carroll was never away from my side, and I didn't know quite what to do. If I submitted I had to hear people's remarks, and if I sent him off he is just the sort of man to think I didn't want him, so I was perplexed to know which was the wisest course for me to take. Finally, I let things go just how they would, for I knew he cared for me and I thought it would be all right in a few days. And so I believe it would only for Jessie. I noticed first one and then another came up and congratulated me on my engagement, and when I denied it, I course denied it strenuously, they wouldn't believe me because Jessie had told them, and, naturally, as she was my cousin she must know what she said. At last, one evening we had all been to hear the band on the pier, and Tom walked home with me as usual. When we got in I ran upstairs to get a wrap, for it was wholly unfamiliar to the gray mare. She was very angry. Lord Hardstock seemed irrepressible. It seemed impossible to make him understand that his attentions were unwelcome.

"If it were for no other reason than to rid myself of him I should be glad to leave London," she said to herself, and on the morrow she left by the mid-day train.

. . . . . .

"Yes, it's very pleasant. I do precisely as I like, but it is the least bit embarrassing at times to parry questions. That pleasing little fiction about my father, for instance—the colonel of the 100th Hussars—I could laugh when I think of it." The speaker was Emily Baillie, and her companion, Lord Hardstock.

Mrs. Armitage would have been very much astonished could she have seen her nieces curled up on a couch in Lord Hardstock's rooms in the Albany with a cigarette between her lips. But luckily for some of us sinners, the instrument has not yet been invented that enables our friends and acquaintances to see over the miles of space that the telephone bridges. And so Emily Baillie smoked on in a blissful security.

"It is too funny," said the girl, with a low musical laugh, as she lay and watched the rings of smoke above her head. And then her thought went back to the night, some six months ago, when she had first seen Lord Hardstock. The Ambassadeurs in the Champs Elysees had been crowded, and Emily in virgin white, very *decollete* but decidedly bewitching, had trilled forth her song, which truth compels me to admit was somewhat risky.

Lord Hardstock was charmed, and when "Mademoiselle de Fanu," as she was called in the programme, read the word or two handed to her by her dresser, she quietly put on her hat, adjusted her veil, and wrapping a cloak round her joined her latest admirer with the utmost *sangfroid*.

The acquaintance thus begun ripened and expanded into a very fair imitation of what the latter part of the nineteenth century passes current for love; anyhow it was so at least on Lord Hardstock's side. He swore that he could not live without Emily, and that he had never been so hard hit before and he managed at least to convince Mademoiselle de Fanu that he was sincere, as he doubtless was.

That young lady's vanity was tickled. Her new conquest commended itself to her. She was tantalizing and bewildering and—what surprised Lord Hardstock more than a little, within a month after their *liason* had commenced she began to speak of marriage and indeed to make it as the price of her continuing in his society. Lord Hardstock, of course, regarded the idea as utterly absurd. But Mademoiselle de Fanu professed to take an entirely different view.

"Why should you not marry me?" she asked. "I am fairly well educated, and I should pass muster in society. You would never be ashamed of me, although I was born in a circus tent, and understand jumping through the hoops and the hard work of those were jolly days! How I hated Aunt Tabitha when she 'rescued' me, as she persisted in calling it, and sent me to Paris where I was licked into shape and taught manners; but I have since learned to be grateful to her, although I shall always be more or less a Bohemian. It is in the blood, I suppose."

"You will always be a beautiful woman, Emily," Lord Hardstock answered admiringly, and then he changed the conversation. The subject of matrimony was not at all to his taste. This was in the first golden days of August, and he had contrived never to be out of sight of her since. She interested him, and he was never insensible to the charm of a beautiful face, and at last he promised to marry her. O! course he never had the slightest intention of keeping his word, but the promise successfully satisfied any misgivings Emily herself might have had, and she was perfectly contented. And then Lord Hardstock suddenly discovered that this girl might be very useful to him, and on the pretense of wishing her to associate with that society she would ultimately enter, he persuaded her to accept her present position in Mrs. Armitage's household.

"You like your life then!" asked Lord Hardstock after a pause.

"Like it," she echoed. "If you were sent to prison would you like it?"

"It will not last long," said he. "You must be patient, my darling.

"All the same I don't see the use of it. It is horribly boring on probation, as it were."

"You shall not stop a day longer than you wish."

"It is so dull," said Emily, with a yawn. "There are no visitors except women, and most may of them."

"It agrees with you nevertheless," Lord Hardstock's eye traveled down the beautiful figure in its clinging draperies, and its rounded contours and voluptuous curves. "A lazy life suits you."

"I warn you that it won't suit me for long," she cried rebelli

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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The Drama.

VICTORIEN SARDOU.

CLEOPATRA has had a good deal of vogue during the last two or three seasons. Sarah Bernhardt and Fanny Davenport have played a version of Cleopatra's story alleged to be Sardou's; Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Brown Potter have found Shakespeare good enough for them, and now it is announced that Marie Prescott will add Rider Haggard's Cleopatra (!!!) to her repertoire. It will be observed that at least three of the above named actresses are or have been at one time professional beauties. There is a popular but erroneous idea that Cleopatra herself was a professional beauty and made the business remunerative, and some of the ladies who attempt the part appear to think that a great beauty of form and feature is all that is necessary to give a satisfactory characterization. So when Mrs. Langtry played the part, it would have been but a momentary shock to the audience if she had lighted a cigarette and played poker with Antony; Mrs. Brown-Potter seemed like one of those "bold, bad" girls who flirt with us from the windows of their boarding school; Sarah Bernhardt, without the redundant personal beauty of the two last mentioned, lived the part, or a striking conception of it, and was cat-like; while Fanny Davenport—well, Fanny Davenport is the text for this week's sermon.

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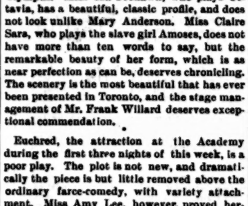
The play, Cleopatra, performed at the Grand this week, was written by a Monsieur Moreau and revised for Sarah Bernhardt by Sardou. To the English dramatist the subject had been closed forever by one Wm. Shakespeare, who adhered in his drama to the facts as handed down by history. But Frenchmen are nothing if not original, and Shakespeare, though they admit him to be a good enough wordmonger and a matchless delineator of character, is not a suitable dramatist, for he is not primarily a stage carpenter, nor will he produce and satisfy his characters to arrive at blood-curdling situations. Therefore M. Moreau and Sardou attempted Cleopatra. They start earlier than Shakespeare. They open the play with the meeting of Cleopatra and Antony at Tarsus, firstly, because whereas the upper ten of Parisian theater-goers have a habit of dawdling in the *cafes* and entering the stalls about forty-five minutes late, it behooves the dramatist to let the real action of his play be condensed into the latter part of it; secondly, to introduce a beautiful piece of stage

setting, name'y, the entry of Cleopatra's barge. The second act finds Antony at Cleopatra's palace, and this act ends where Shakespeare's play begins, with the recall of Antony to Rome. The third act is the best of the piece and this two scenes taken direct from Shakespeare. It embraces the arrival of the messenger with the news of Antony's marriage to Octavia, Cleopatra's rage, her interrogation of the slave as to Octavia's appearance, and ends with the arrival of a message from Antony asking for her fleet to assist him in his insurrection against his fellow triumvir, Octavius Cesar, brother of his wife Octavia. So far so good. From this out the dramatists have cut loose from history, probability and common sense, and introduced scenes which, though admirable from a scenic and melodramatic point of view, show an utter and not unprecedented lack of sincerity and dignity on the part of Sardou and Moreau. Cleopatra goes to Actium, peeks from behind a curtain at Octavia and Antony, and grinds her teeth for the audience's benefit. When she reveals herself to Antony, and his old love returns or awakes, there is a scene, suggested probably by a descriptive short story of Theophile Gautier's, in which the Egyptian Queen's slave, Kephren, is about to poison himself for her sake, but the deed is not required of him. Then, in the fifth act, after Cleopatra's fleet has deserted Antony at Actium and he follows her and calls on the gods to witness that he will kill her, comes the most magnificent piece of scenic representation that has ever been seen in this city—the storm which Cleopatra calls to blast Octavius's fleet. This scene, though well worth the price of admission to see, is, from a dramatic point of view, trumpery, and the spectacle of the Queen of Egypt making the thunder "do it some more" when the audience applauds, is amusing. In the last act, when Antony, defeated, has stabbed himself and is brought wounded before Cleopatra, one cannot but miss the simple dignity of Shakespeare's words, "I am dying, Egypt, dying." There is one more pinchbeck scene in this act when Kephren is about to kill Octavius but doesn't, and Cleopatra's death scene lacks the beauty of Shakespeare's words and is unimpressive and painful. There is good mechanism in the construction of the play and with such a majestic subject, in spite of Sardou or a horde of French dramatists, a few scenes of true and natural dramatic interest could not fail to get in. The language is bald and one cannot but feel that the authors have been too, too original.

•

The wonderful beauty of Cleopatra has been disputed; her most authentic likeness here presented would seem to uphold those who deny it, and Shakespeare has placed more stress on her "infinite variety" of mind. She it was who took Antony fishing and had her slaves dive down and fasten a salt mackerel on his hook, and many were the other tricks she played on the Roman. Still, the ideal view of Cleopatra that she was exceedingly beautiful is an acceptable one for the stage. Fanny Davenport, once the most beautiful woman on the American stage, still retains much of her old-time loveliness. Her Cleopatra is a blonde one and coquettish; not a Cleopatra calculated to cajole a man into anything very rash. There is a constant effort to be bad, and flirt with Antony. The Antony of Mr. Melbourne McDowall is a fine, vigorous performance. This character has been quite scanted by the playwright, and Mr. McDowall deserves all praise for his work. Physically he suits the part exactly, and his death scene was marked by quietness and dignity. To those readers who noticed his tatooed left arm, it may be of interest to know that he was once mate of a sailing vessel. Mr. Theodore Roberts, in a trying make-up, did excellent work as Kephren. Mr. W. F. Cortleigh was very good as Thyreus, and Messrs. Stokes, Travis and Tannehill were all fair in their respective parts of Demetrius, Dercetas and



THE MOST AUTHENTIC PORTRAITS OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Olympus. Miss Ida Frohawk, who plays Octavia, has a beautiful, classic profile, and does not look unlike Mary Anderson. Miss Claire Sara, who plays the slave girl Amoses, does not have more than ten words to say, but the remarkable beauty of her form, which is as near perfection as can be, deserves chronicling. The scenery is the most beautiful that has ever been produced in Toronto, and the stage management of Mr. Frank Willard deserves exceptional commendation.

Euchred, the attraction at the Academy during the first three nights of this week, is a poor play. The plot is not new, and dramatically the piece is but little removed above the ordinary farce-comedy, with variety attachment. Miss Amy Lee, however, proved herself a light comedienne of exceptional ability, and but for her sparkle and winsomeness the show would probably have fallen flat. Her company is not a bad one, and is well balanced. This afternoon and evening Tony Farrell entertains the Academy patrons with a Hibernian play, My Colleen. TOUCHSTONE.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

It is said that in some seasons W. J. Scanlan, who will never more return to the stage, made more money than any other star. He has been known to clear $50,000 in a season, which was divided equally between himself and Augustus Pitou, his manager.

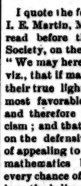
The Grand announces a first class attraction for next week in Augustus Pitou's Power of the Press. This high-class melodrama is the joint work of Mr. Pitou and George H. Jessop, and is presented by a good company. It may be of interest to state that the play admits of such fine acting that Minnie Seligman of the Pitou Stock Company made a splendid hit in the leading lady's part last spring.

Imre Kiralfy's Venice in London was opened to the public at Olympia, London, the vast building Kensington where Barnum & Bailey gave their London performances two winters ago. The story is based upon that of the Merchant of Venice, and is illustrated by the usual scenes of that play, supplemented by two others representing the fortress of Chioggia and the Island of Lido. There are 1,400 performers at once on the stage, including three or four hundred in barges and gondolas on a lake that fills the entire space between the auditorium and the stage proper. Another feature of the show is "modern Venice" in a subsidiary building where a reproduction of a part of the Venice of to-day, with its buildings, bridges, and canals, is presented with real gondolas and Venetian gondoliers.

Mr. Cellier's death and inability to finish the orchestration have compelled the postponement of the dress rehearsal at the Lyric of The Mountebanks. The scene of the opera is laid in the island of Sicily. The time is the early part of the present century and Mr. Gilbert indulges very freely in the humorous, satirical and paradoxical vein which distinguishes all his writings. The opera opens with a chorus of Dominican monks in the sonorous Latin language, followed by a chorus of members of the Camorra, a secret society, who combine brigandage with a thirst for vengeance, a not unusual combination in the recent societies existing in that part of the world. The Camorras desire vengeance because of the wrongful conviction five hundred years ago of the brother of the mother of their ancestor's next door neighbor. Much of the fun of the opera arises from the drinking, indiscriminately and otherwise, of a magic potion in the possession of a traveling showman named Pietro, which has the effect of making every one who takes it exactly what he pretends to be. Mr. Monkhouse as Pietro's clown and Miss Joncure as his dancing girl, pretend for reasons to be waxwork figures and are accordingly transformed into automatic figures of Hamlet and Ophelia, worked on the penny-in-the-slot principle, a notion which, in Mr. Gilbert's hands, results in an infinite variety of droll absurdities.

Richard Mansfield's declaration that he is determined to use no more lithographs or other pictorial posting during his travels, was commendable. At various times in the past twenty years numbers of actors and managers have made the same resolution, and most of them have put it in force for a longer or shorter period; but not one has ever totally escaped the bill poster. Mansfield's argument is the sensible but rather broad one that persons who do not read the newspapers do not go to the theaters; and so he wants to put all his announcements into the advertising columns of the newspapers. He will find plenty of shrewd theatrical speculators opposed to him in this move. Managers of purely spectacular plays regard the lithograph and the gorgeous big poster as absolutely essential in illustrating the elaborateness of their productions; and this must be for Mansfield, who is inclined to be picturesque in all his work, a temptation to break his good resolutions. Nowadays there is a great deal of true art in the pictorial printing devised for plays, not the least part of which is the use of photographs. Lillian Russell, Langtry, the Kendals, even Mansfield himself, owe something to the display of their faces in lithograph, photograph and the flamboyant "three sheet." As a preliminary to abolishing the lithograph altogether, it would be well to correct some of the evils attached to its use. Here is an instance directly applicable to Mansfield's case: On Monday afternoon a small boy went into the office of a Thirtieth street lithograph firm and offered for sale 430 of Mansfield's lithographs. They were just as they had come from the press, clean and unused, and they appeared to be part of a lot sent by Mansfield to advertise his recent engagement at the Harlem, Columbus. The question is, how came the small boy in possession of those lithographs? Were they stolen out of the lot left at the theater by Mansfield's agent to be distributed by the attaches? Let the stars who fail to discover profit in the use of them first make sure that they are used for their intended purposes; then, if the stealing cannot be stopped, by all means boycott the lithograph. Those four hundred and thirty lithographs of Mansfield must have cost him at least $25.

Varsity Chat.



ROM our halls the glory seems to have departed this week, but there is joy and gladness in many a household throughout the land. After hard, hard work the boys are home enjoying all the good things kept in store for them by their friends. One man told me that he had a "string" of parties to attend and he expects to have a bundle of "photos" in his possession when he returns. He will renew acquaintance with all the girls he knew when attending the High school and many more. He will revel in the "bright dreams of the past," and his spirit will leap before him as he thinks of the future. Oh! fortunate youth!

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I quote the following from the paper of Mr. I. E. Martin, M.A., one of our own graduates, read before the Mathematical and Physical Society, on the Religion of Algebraic curves: "We may forecast what we hope to prove, viz., that if mathematical laws be conceived in their true light they will be found to be the most favorable battle-ground for orthodoxy, and therefore the most unfavorable for scepticism; and that orthodoxy, instead of standing on the defensive in the indefensible position of appealing to the emotion, may by the aid of mathematics boldly attack scepticism with every chance of success. As a matter of feeling, the believer in God's all-pervading spirit may shrink from the thought of such a spirit being bound by mathematical laws, but the sceptic has appralled to science and to science must we take him. We shall find that even when tried by such a cold unimpassioned abstraction of science as mathematics, the theory of a personal and (speaking in all reverence) interfering God is not only possible, but in the highest degree probable and scientific. Orthodox believers, accepting the application of fixed laws to the physical world, say that a personal God, who is the originator of all law, must be above all law; and that mathematical reasoning is inadmissible in discussing the relations between the moral and the physical world, as it would limit the power of the Deity."

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The Senate of McMaster University met last week in McMaster Hall. The meeting had been specially called to consider the questions of the conferring of honorary degrees and of university extension. A committee consisting of Dr. Rand, Prof. Goodspeed, Rev. Elmore Harris and Mr. D. E. Thomson, Q. C., was appointed to consider the subject of honorary degrees. Miss Minard, formerly of New Brunswick, was appointed as teacher in Moulton Ladies' College, to fill a vacancy in the preparatory department. At the afternoon session the subject of university extension was discussed.

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Next week the special supplemental examinations will be held, and every man who has worked during the Christmas holidays will congratulate himself on his self-sacrifice if he succeeds to pass.

•

On Christmas day I met a graduate of a few years' standing, and he said "Well, how are things at the 'Varsity now? I suppose it is a dead and alive place. No fun, no sport, no oyster suppers, no beer parties, no enjoyment for a man of any spirit at all. If the heroes of past days went around the place they would find that they were forgotten. Such is fate. The glory of 'Varsity seems to have departed. I hear that a man of my day, who was captain of the Rugby football team, visited the institution a few weeks ago and was looked upon as a freshman! My *alma mater*, how thou hast fallen!" To all this I listened calmly, but "for reasons best known to myself," I made no reply."

JUNIOR.

Books and Magazines.

The January number of *Lippincott's* Magazine contains several new features; stories and a notable illustrating journalistic life: the first of a series of articles on athletics, and some interesting discussions, stories and poems by celebrated writers. The piece de resistance is the complete novel by City Editor Young E. Allison, formerly of the *Courier-Journal*. Col. A. K. McClure, Albert Payson Terhune, Julian Hawthorne and Amelia E. Barr are contributors. J. F. R., writes entertainingly of Agnes Huntington. *Life*, the first of a series of articles on athletics, and some interesting discussions, stories and poems, are by celebrated writers.

The number of the *Atlantic Monthly* for January is an exceedingly strong one. It opens with Mr. Crawford's serial, Don Orsino, and besides the outlines of an interesting story, the incidental picture of the new Rome as contrasted with the Rome of the Pope's temporal power is of really great value. Another feature of the number is Henry James's delightful article of reminiscence and criticism on James Russell Lowell. The paper on Boston by Emerson is a curious treasure-trove, full of Emersonian phrases which will long live in the memory, and a most interesting contemporaneous portrait of the town and its inhabitants. Miss Edith M. Thomas has a paper which she wishes considered as "a fond and unsentimental observation of our winged friends," interspersed with charming poetry. Speaking of poetry, Thomas William Parsons has a strong poem called Down by the Shore in December. Poetry being akin to art reminds one of Walter Crane's most interesting paper, Why Socialism Appeals to Artists, which is a defense of the socialistic opinions of William Morris and others of the modern æsthetic school in England. A glimpse of the life of an English thinker is offered by the publication of a collection of letters from John Stuart Mill, called out by his connection with the *Westminster Review*, which give interesting views of men and things. A short story of seashore life by Herbert D. Ward, an able paper on The Political Situation, and Austin Dobson Call's article on The Greatest Need of College Girls, with some good reviews, close a number which augurs a brilliant year for this standard magazine.

One of the most notable articles in the January number of *Scribner's Magazine* is on the theaters of Paris with portraits of the actors and actresses of the Comedie Francaise. The author, William F. Apthorp, says of this famous theater, "No matter how wonderful this or that actor or actress may be, neither is as wonderful as the ensemble with which the plays are given." He says that "the rehearsals come near enough to good performances to make you forget now and then that it is only a rehearsal." "The Odeon," he says, "is noteworthy for trying new plays and taking old ones from a new artistic point of view. The company at this house is largely made up of young material and many graduates from there to the Francaise." This number of *Scribner's* also contains a criticism of the Wagnerian festival in Bayreuth last summer. Among the other special features of the January number is an able article on Amsterdam illustration of to-day, with a reproduction of some fine engravings from the editions de *luxe* of famous poems. There are two articles on travels, one on a visit to Bokhara, the other on a journey through Egypt. The latter is the most noteworthy. The authors, E. H. and R. W. Blashfield, have done some fine descriptive writing, which serve to paraphrase words quoting: "We rode riverward out of the giant shadow of the crags into the radiant valley; the sun was sinking, and the great artist was gilding his handiwork into even greater splendor, every blade of wheat was a golden spear, the palm-trunks were pillars of rough gold, and the herdsman going home to their evening meal moved like Byzantine saints against a golden background. The blue smoke curled upward from the mud villages like the sacred symbol on some temple architrave, a vulture rose heavily into the still air, in the east the three peaks of the Arabian chain flushed orange and crimson and purple, fire opals set in the ring of a horizon of light. The people of the bible were all around us, glorified by the evening sky; Jacob tall and dark, his deep eyes burning under his linen headcloth, drove home his flocks and herds; Rebecca passed us with Isaac's jewels of gold and silver glittering on her brown arms; Esau unyoked the tired oxen of the wagon-wheel; Leban, white-bearded and solemn, rode by; Ruth smiled at us from where she stood waist deep in the wheat, and just at hand, riding on an ass, a young child in her arms, yonder low-browed girl seemed the divine mother, for the whole plain and sky were a halo about her."

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The *Cosmopolitan* for January is a number of unusual excellence. The opening paper is one of exceptional interest, dealing as it does with the Portraits of Columbus. An article on Aluminum, the Metal of the Future, is of especial interest to those engaged in mercantile pursuits; and W. J. Lampton has a striking bit of modern society, entitled: Which Say Ye, Women, to This? The other articles are well illustrated and of strong contemporary interest. The editorial departments command the same attention as ever.

A Modified Opinion

First Citizen (Golden Gulch)—Wall, we caught up with the feller wot stole your new overcoat, an' lynched him.

Second Citizen—Ha, ha; that's somethin' like. Teach these coyotes they've gotter obey the laws o' the land. Hung him, eh!

"No, we shot him full o' holes."

"Gee whittaker! He didn't have my overcoat on, did he?"

"Jerusalem, partner, come to think, I'm 'fraid he did."

"Ye oughter be arrested, every one of ye. This 'ere lynch law is a disgrace ter civilization."

Not Hard to Fit.

New Girl—Please, mum, while you're down town, would ye be so kind as to order me a pair o' shoes?

Mrs. De Style—I—er—do not know your size.

New Girl—Nor I, mum; that's why I'm go'in' ter get them about the size of yours they'll do.

Mrs. De Style (hesitatingly)—Do you think you could wear them?

New Girl—Oh, yes, mum. After new shoes is wet they shrinks.

•

Novel to Some.

Miss Antique—No, I'm not going to Mrs. Whitebair's reception.

Miss Budd—Why not?

"Oh, she always talks about old times, and that makes me tired. I don't see how you can stand her."

"But, my dear, her subject is new to most of us, you know."

It Didn't Work.

Materfamilias—(11 p.m.)—What's the matter? You look distressed.

Paterfamilias—I thought it about time to give that young fellow in the parlor a vigorous hint that it was nearing midnight, so I walked right into the room, and giving both him and our daughter a severe look, I deliberately turned out the gas.

"Mercy! Didn't he get angry?"

"No; he sa'd 'Thank you.'"

Life is so Hard.

For Saturday Night.

Life is so hard, I fain would live
Apart from all its rugged ways,
My tuneful melodies would give
Sweet praise to passing days,
But would all comforts, once possessed,
Forever still my soul's unrest?

Life is so hard. I sometimes dream
That some kind hand has set me free,
Then through the deepening gloom, Hope's gleam,
Like sunshine, comes to me;
That one choice gift of Hope—the best—
Has failed to still my soul's unrest.

Life is so hard. We toil and sweat
That some unworthy one may reap
The harvest, while we only get
The toil and tears we weep.
If all were done, would death's behest
Forever still my soul's unrest?

Life is so hard. If never more
The goad of poverty should be
Deep in my heart, whose crimson gore
Trails down life's troubled sea,
Would no grim care, no ghostly guest
Perpetuate my soul's unrest?

Life is so hard. If worlds were mine
Would nature seem more bright and fair?
Would loving hearts more close entwine
My heart for giddiest rare?
Would one, my sweet love stand more confessed,
Or still for aye my soul's unrest? A. A. S.

Mistakes.

For Saturday Night.

Life's road is dreary and our eyes are blind,
We shudder when we see mistakes behind
Us, looming in the path our feet have trod.
Our own mistakes! Be pitiful, dear God!
We did not know—our eyes were blind, so blind!
Our thoughtless actions and our words unkind
That they would stab some hearts we held so dear
And leave us nothing for atonement here.

We cannot call them back—cannot undo
The sore mistakes we wrought. When life is through
Perhaps it may be, in some other clime
Where darkness fadeth beath the light sublime,
Where mists have vanished and our eyes have light,
Where hearts ne'er falter and eyes have no night,
They may perchance, those sad mistakes we make,
Be all atoned for when the day shall break.

MARION LULL.

A Canada.

For Saturday Night.

A canada they cried and Time's golden bell,
Rang a peal of decision the echo to quell,
For the country's pulse throbbed as the stigma was heard;
To the Spaniards the sound seemed the song of a bird.

And Saturn low whispered sweet, dreamful land wait,
Clasp close thy hid treasure, this is not thy fate,
Disturb not thy slumbers for know this new name
Shall gleam on thy forehead a bright star of fame.

For when thy *Kennaqlon* thy stack sail was fresh,
With shall thy arms open to bless and be blest,
As the slow growing iceberg gathereth weight
Thy honor increaseth by coming so late.

With the high climbing rose o'er the home of the brave,
The maple with thistle and shamrock must wave,
And with every new twist in the century's coil,
Twill cherish and cling to that sap giving soil.

And as the long years over love's drawbridge march,
Twill prop noble Britain thy fair pleasures arch,
Or like fish for thee, or *Rebecca's* wand,
To shield from all evil its dear motherland. OTTO.

NOTE.—When the Spaniards saw from their ships the bleak shores of Canada they said—*A canada, nothing there.*

A Santa Fe Incident.

It was silent in the chair car, and the clanking of the rails
Made a frame to hang a poem on of jingling joys or wails;
The cattleman from Burlington was drumming on the pane;
The State House clerk was whistling on a card some low refrain;
The high-browed girl from Lawrence was engaged in her *Bazar;*
Der kronry man von Vechita was chewing a segar,
When the train stopped at Eudora with a fizzle-sizzle chug,
And took a soft-eyed siren on the Santa Fe plug.

Her carriage, face, and figure were perfection, and her smile
Was a shimmered, tangled day dream as she drifted down the aisle.
The cattleman's eyes watered and the State House clerk was dazed;
Der kronry man von Vechita in dizzy rapture gazed;
The maidens girl from Lawrence put her glasses on and saw
A particularly interesting view across the Kaw,
While the siren sat there coyly as a kitten on a rug—
The siren from Eudora on the Santa Fe plug.

And as the train neared Argentine, the cattleman grew rash,
He cleared his throat and nervously pulled at his roan moustache.
Der Vechita man lost his nerve, the State House clerk grew gray,
And as he saw the cattleman, he made a bold seshay.
And when at last the train had stopped, she answered loud and clear:

"Ay ha! a yob av vork oop at des Costes House; call oop dere.
Ay tank ay lak to see you more because Ay lak your mug."
Said the siren from Eudora on the Santa Fe plug.

—Kansas City Journal.

"Imp Effie."

"Imp Effie;" language one's express
The life that sparkles in her eyes,
And what if I must needs confess
That Effie is not very wise?
Her nonsense talked with blushsome air
Sweeter to me than wisdom seems,
I love to see her toes her hair,
I love to hear her in her dreams.

Near her philosophers seem fools,
Their logic and inductions chaff;
Forms, maxims, axioms, reasons, rules,
Evaporate in Effie's laugh.
How coldly rigid and aloof
The finger posts of science shine,
When Effie's digits warm and soft
Are playing at "hot hands" with mine!

She's very ignorant, the pet,
Of creed or dogma old or new;
She's very credulous, and yet
Her actions at fain times, few,
To reversed men she's barely civil,
Though prompt to succor the forlorn,
She's duly fearful of the evil,
But sees no harm in being born.

Not clear about the "second birth,"
She trusts her sins will be forgiven;
And that when called to quit the earth,
She'll go up, naturally, to heaven.
Meanwhile, too fond, I fear, she rogues
Of this world's vanities and pomps;
Thinks serious people "as fun fogies;"
Nay, 'neath their solemn nodes romps.

Leaps, tumbles, screams, to make them quiver;
Shams stupid to excite their spleen;
Then how she titters! Lord forgive her.
The little imp is scarce thirteen.
And even when I sermonize her,
I sometimes can't repress a sigh
To think that Effie will grow wiser,
That Effie will grow old, and die!

Between You and Me.

WHY do you talk to me like that? I'm not a thief!" It was a sad sight, the young clerk standing before his employer, with drawn, frightened face and staring defiant eyes, and the employer, a man past three score and ten, upright and stern and unforgiving, with his finger on the page where the balance was not true, and in the other hand a slip of paper with a few words, anonymous, bitter, fatal, which had pointed out the young clerk's error. "What does this mean then, may I ask?" "But I am to straighten that up at the end of the month. I only borrowed it! Lots of fellows do the same and they never intend to steal." "I have nothing to do with what you intend. That may or may not be so, but I don't allow you to handle my cash in that way. If I did what I should, I would place this matter in the hands of the police. Then, young man, you would discover what is honesty and what is theft. Your month's salary will about meet this shortage. You can go. Take my advice and be more careful in another situation."

This little story, which is the actual happening of some three months ago and which much impressed me at the time, I have related to form a text for a little tirade against borrowers. In many a case the borrower becomes the thief, all the while protesting that he or she never, never, oh, no, but, and the transition is accomplished. Not always of money do we steal from our neighbor. I wonder how big a pile one could make of all the books borrowed, abused, gradually stolen, in this city? I don't descend to umbrellas—they are acknowledged to be a strong weapon of the Evil One, with which he incites the best church members to crack the eighth commandment. But if every one of my readers would just look back over their lives and about among their possessions I believe there are not one half-dozen who would not find some object which belonged to someone else, which should have been returned, but which they have insensibly and carelessly appropriated. They may not use it nor want it, but they keep it, though they would be furious should the owner call them by the shocking name which belongs to them. On Christmas Eve I made a wretched, drenched creature a present of a silk umbrella which has stood on my hat-rack for a year past, and when she thanked me warmly for my gift I was constrained to inform her that it was not mine to give, for that someone had left it there and taken one of mine (in better condition), but had never been honest enough to re-exchange them. The drenched peddler looked at me doubtfully, but the weather was unfavorable to a fine sense of justice and she tramped off with her prize.

We used to write a doggerel rhyme in our school books about what would happen to the luckless wight who, on the last day, was not able to lay his hand on the "book he stole away," and I am quite sure it had as wholesome an influence on others as it had on me. I have a grudge yet against a woman to whom I lent a favorite copy of a favorite poet which never came back to me; and a wholesome respect for a Scotchman who, after all his effects were burnt up in a house fire, sent me a brand new copy of Scott's poetical works to replace one of mine which had unfortunately been borrowed by him. It lies before me, with its quaint explanatory inscription written on the fly-leaf in that Scotchman's irreproachable writing, and if ever he needs a good witness to his immaculate honesty and sense of right, that volume will be the one most likely to influence a jury who have borrowed and lent, but never attained to such an altitude of honesty as his. Funny things have been demanded of me by borrowing acquaintances. A young lady asked me once to lend her my wedding gown to go to a dance in the Pavilion, and a merry neighbor ran in one evening to borrow Mr. Gay to make up a game of whist. I have lent my front hair and my back yard to a *tableau vivant* and a washerwoman respectively—my maid, and an idea for a poem, to a housekeeper and a poet who were minus the several articles. Everything came back safe but the idea, and I didn't resent the ill-usage it went through, for I expected it!

Two ward politicians were railing against the civic administration last night on account of their rather reckless expenditure of electric lights and pavements in remote and desert regions somewhere in the suburbs of Toronto. I have often been reminded of our city fathers' previousness, when I have seen a small boy and his mother selecting the former's winter outfit. How the good woman buys baggy, roomy, overlong, pantles, and coats whose sleeves come down to the small boy's knuckles, and I have sometimes known her to be so far ahead in her measurements that before the abject little guy could grow enough to ensure a fit, those clothes were quite worn out, and all his troubled hours and her extra price were spent to less than no purpose. It might possibly be so with the improvements which are at present, according to a daily paper, disturbing the repose of the bovines who are their sole *beneficiaires*.

At the Sick Children's Hospital on Saturday last there was a genuine sensation when Santa Claus, with a real horse and a real sleigh, piled high with presents, drove from ward to ward and alternately amazed and delighted the wee 'uns. Such a knowing horse and such a jolly old Santa Claus, both the outcome of the realistic tendency of this *fin de siecle* time, when real railroads and engines and tanks of water are our dramatic draw cards, and make believes and dummies are out of date. The dear little excited children, some of whom were anything but invalids in appearance—the pretty nurses, the fashionable dames who put in many an hour of thought and work for this their pet charity, the ever-ready friend of the sick little ones, and his smiling better half—the doctors, for once forgetting their professional dignity, to laugh heartily at the many funny antics and speeches of the youngsters—and then, when Santa Claus had driven out and baby faces, flushed and weary, were laid back upon the snowy pillows and the gas was turned low and the dim-lit ward sank softly into quietude and slumber, to see the various heaps of toys on the tiny bed tables, some piled carefully by the neat wee man or woman, some tossed in a confused pile by the careless or tired creature who slept peacefully below. There were loads of dolls and games, soldiers and paint boxes—all the toys dear to little hearts, and every child slept the sleep of satisfaction with the Christmas cheer of 1891.

Santa Claus let me into one cute little custom of the Sick Children's Hospital when he said heartily: "I am so glad there isn't a red ribbon on any little bed, for I should not be able to give anything to a naughty child." Away off in the rough and ready West they tie up red ribbons here and there about the town when some notorious evil liver is to be disciplined, as a hint to him to get out of the way before it is too late. And here, in the sacred precincts of this beautiful charity, I gathered from the above remark that the red ribbon is the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual crookedness. Poor red ribbon, red in the far West with menacing violence and maybe death, red in the baby's ward with the rising flush of temper or the fire of rebellion. From the great to the little wrong the red ribbon flames its warning, from the crimson cheek, from the threatening tongue, from the leaping heart. Ah, friends, beware of that red ribbon!

LADY GAY.

Noted People.

The first woman chemist in Paris is to be Mlle. Leclerc, of the Paris School of Pharmacy. She is of French nationality, and has taken a first-class degree.

Lord Rosebery, in his Life of Pitt just issued, says that Pitt's last words were not "Roll up the map of Europe," nor "My country," etc., as commonly reported, but "I wish I could have one of Bellamy's meat pies."

An honorary testimonial has been awarded to Miss Blanche Hays of London by the Royal Humane Society, in recognition of her bravery last summer in rescuing from drowning her friend, Miss Saunders, with whom she was bathing in the sea near Torquay.

The new English Minister to France, Lord Dufferin, has climbed up from one of the lower rungs of the diplomatic ladder. He entered the Queen's employ forty years ago as a minor lord-in-waiting, and has advanced steadily upwards until now he has gained the most desirable place in the British foreign service.

The successful competitor among the nine artists who presented designs for the sculpture work on the Woman's Department Building of the World's Fair, was Miss Alice Rideout of San Francisco. She has studied both in her own city and in the East, and is regarded as an artist of promise. The three groups she has designed are: Woman's Virtues, Woman as the Spirit of Civilization, and Woman's Place in History.

Nothing very noticeable was left for the Princess of Wales on the anniversary of her birthday; but England's Alexandra has but three years more to wait, and then her jubilee may bring some offerings worth accepting. The fair Mother of our Kings to be is certainly a world's wonder as to looks, considering her age. The Queens of Italy and the Hellenes, the Dowager Queen of Portugal are younger women, but there is now no youthfulness about them.

The picturesque exuberance of style that marks Lafcadio Hearn's literary work may be partly the accident of birth, for the author was born on one of the Ionian Isles, where "Sappho loved and sung." His name, indeed, is supposed to recall the Leucadian cliff from which the poetess is said to have jumped to death. Mr. Hearn, like Stockton, is a little man physically, short and dark, but thick enough through the chest to indicate good lung power. He is said to be an expert swimmer.

The late Prince Lucien Bonaparte bore a more striking resemblance to the great Napoleon than any other of the emperor's relatives, but he was much taller. He was a favorite of Queen Victoria, with whom he dined regularly twice a year during his long residence in England, and he usually sent her Majesty the first copy of all of his erudite treatises, and in return received a handsomely bound copy of the Queen's Life in the Highlands, ornamented with the autograph inscription "from his friend, the authoress."

Sir Edwin Arnold says that the average editorial "leader" of an English newspaper is the product of three hours of diligent work by an accomplished man—such as Andrew Lang, for instance. He himself once wrote one of two thousand words with a lead pencil in an hour—a rate of speed which seems prodigious, and which a crack American reporter writing against time could hardly excel; but a man who has written eight thousand leaders, as the author of the Light of Asia has done, must necessarily have become expert at it.

Through trouble, Marie Antoinette at thirty-eight, and Mary Stuart at forty-five, were long past their best, and Mary Tudor of sanguinary memory, dying at forty-two, was quite a broken-down object. But with present and past celebrities of regal rank, any sentimental interest felt in them ceases somewhere about the forties. Our Princess—who, though not a Queen, has often filled a Queen's place—remains a personality to whom complimentary sonnets can be addressed; and her special taste in dress still influences the gowns and bonnets of women young enough to be her daughters.

The recent sudden death of F. Wolcott Balestier is a cause for deep regret to those who were familiar with his clever books, A Fair Device and A Victorious Defeat. He was a young man—not quite thirty—and was a warm friend of Rudyard Kipling. On his mother's side Mr. Balestier was clear American, but his paternal ancestors were natives of Martinique. With his mother and sisters he had leased in London the house of that Mrs. Brookfield to whom so many of Thackeray's letters were addressed, and had also taken a charming house in the Isle of Wight. The engagement is announced of Kipling to Mis Balestier, a sister of the dead author.

A Study in Black.

THE moonlight spreads softly over the quiet fields, casting its mellow shade on Uncle Zachary's modest cabin. Not a breath of air is blowing. The thickly growing hollyhocks and sunflowers stand erect with not a rustle of a leaf, and everywhere is calmness and repose. On the doorstep, almost hidden by the tall flowers, two people sit—Uncle Zachary and his niece Deb. They are silent, like everything about, the only sound breaking the solitude being the occasional "pee-wee, pee-wee" of a restless bird. In the distance they can see the city's lights reflected in the sky, a reflection that makes the old man think of the struggle and the turmoil there, and in fancy he can hear the tramping of the restless thousands in that restless city. The girl, too, looks towards the lights' reflection, one elbow resting on her knee, her head leaning upon the upstretched hand, her body slowly swaying from side to side.

"Chile." It is Uncle Zachary speaking, softly, as if loath to break the peaceful stillness. "Chile, yo' ain't yoself ter-night. Suffin' am er-troublin' yo'. an' cain't yo' twel yer ole Unc' Zach' wha' it am? Ain't he been er fayther ter yo' eber s'nce yo' wunno hyur 'n he knee? Ain't he been good ter yo', chile, an' cain't yo' confide wi' he?"

"Yaas, Yaas, Unc' Zachy," the girl replies with a trembling voice, "yo' am good ter me. 'Tain't dat, Unc' Zachy, dat er-worrin' me, an' I cain't twel wha' it am 'ca'se I dunno missef. O, Unc' Zachy, I'n onhappy. Lack dis black face er mine, de hull airf am dark ter me, an' I wish I wair gwine ter die; I do, I do," and with a great sob her head falls upon the old man's breast.

"Heah, heah, chile, dis wain't do. I's s'prised et yo'. Dis airf dark? Dis bceful airf dat de Lawd gib we? Fie, chile, fie! Jes yo' sot an' twel yer ole Unc' Zachy wha' am er-troublin' yo' and he see ef he cain't 'concile yo'. Wha' dat yo' say? 'Ca'se er yer cullah yo' am look' down 'pon by de whi'-folk? 'Ca'se er yer cullah yo' cain neber 'mount ter suffin'? I 'spect, chile, yo' know, seein' I tort yo' eber s'nce yo' be er leetle thin', I 'spect, I say, dat yo' am familiah wid er fac' dot 'n Heben whi'-folk an' black folk am all de same. I 'spect dat yo' hes not 'owed de 'nfo'ma'sun I onct twol yo' dat dis wuld's s'iety stan'in' hes suffin' ter do wi' de nex' wuld's fairs, ter slip yer memmy, hes yo', chile? Deb, honey, de Lawd am gwine ter wash er niggah 'n white 's de wintah snow ef he am good 'nuf. We am gwine tir 'njoy heben jes 'n well 's de whi'-folks, chile, 'ca'se we hairts am white, jes' 'n white."

"De whi'-folk dey am onkine' Unc' Zach, an' I'n onhappy, onhappy," the girl sobs, her face still buried on the old man's breast.

"Deb, chile, time 's w'en yer Unc' Zachy uster think it mighty hawd wuk ter hoe de road er life, hawd wuk ter go fro de airf wid er black face, de butt en ig'unt whi'-folk jokes—er low-bawn niggah. Dem days hes pass' 'way, chile, hes pass' 'way lack de ole slabe days long 'go. Trouble ter yo', deary, am lack er mighty tempes', but ter me it am on'y lack er Norf win' 'ca'se I's uster it, chile. I cain look 'pon life now 'n er visit ter de airf 's'ill soon be over fur we all, an' den we air gwine ter be 's white 's de nex'."

"Wh' foah, Unc' Zachy, wair I bawn lack I 's? Wh'foah cain't Gord make we all er same, an' den dar 'ud be no suffin', er black folk fur whi'-folk ter larf et. Wh'foah——"

"Hush, chile, hush. Yo' mus-un tork er Gord dat way. It am sac'lid'us. He know bes', chile. He know wh'fo h we am black, an' w'en de whi'-folk larf et chu nober min' 'ca'se Gord, He see dem, an' He know dey hes er black hairt ef dar skin am white."

"I'n onhappy," she still sobs, "an' de wuld am onkin'. Wh'foah am I black, wh'foah, wh'foah."

Rising from his seat the old man walks to and fro, his head bent, his step slow and feeble. A faint breeze sweeps over the cabin. The hollyhocks and sunflowers slightly bend before it, the birds perched in the trees flutter about at touch of it, and the girl raising her head gazes at the star-studded sky. Uncle Zachary walks towards her and gently rests his hand upon her shoulder.

"Wh'foah am dar good an' bad? Wh'foah am dar rich an' po'? Wh'foah am dar weak an' stron'? Wh'foah am dar summah an' wintah? Wh'foah am dar watah an' lan'? Wh'foah am dar eber'thin', chile? Cain 'nbody twel yo'. No, 'ca'se it am de seekrit er Gord, ter be twol de day dat Ange' Gabe do come. Honey, I's er ole man an' ain't got long ter lib, an' arter I's done gone lef dis wuld yer las' frien' 'n airf hes lef' yo' fo'ebermo', but, chile, yo' mus' trus' 'n de Lawd, fur w'out He help dar ain't 'nbody gwine ter get safe 'long de road. Dat am er fac', chile, de Scriptur' twel we. Long 'go, twenty yeah come nex' wintah, dat am er heap er yeahs lamby, 'way down ter de ole home wh' de cotton blossom grow, sum-un gone daid an' lef' yo' ter me. 'Foah dey bruk dat day dey say ter me—'Zachy, my kin'es' brudder'—yaas dey wair de ver' wuds—'Zachy, my kin'es' brudder, I'n gwine ter leave yo' now fo'ebermo'. W'en I'n done gone, Zachy, I waint yo' ter tak' kyur er leetle Deb, fur w'out yo' she ain't got er frien' 'n de hull airf. Bring she up, Zachy, 'n de sperrit er Gord dat she cain join de ange's 'n heben w'en de trump do soun'. An' Zachy ober yandah, ober by de windah, un'neaf de floah, am er ole sock. Get it, Zachy, an' yo' tak' it fur leetle Deb an yosef. Dar am on'y er few dollahs, but tak it fur Deb.' Den, chile, hol'n' ter dis right han' er mine, dis han' wha' try ter guide she dorter 'n de right way, yer mammy bread de las', an' wid er mighty lump in he chote yer Unc' Za-hy aw'ar ter kyur fur yo', come better come wuser. Dat am long 'go chile, an' dem days I wair smatter den I's now an' de wuld wair brighter. I's come fro it, I's 'most 'rived et de junney an', an', an' it mighty near, 'reaks de ole man's hairt ter see he honey cry an' sob lack she do."

All is silence again. They sit as before, looking away towards the city, the old man's mind wandering to scenes of long ago, the girl endeavoring to overcome the strife within her. Suddenly arising she throws her arms around his neck, kisses him many times and passes into the house.

"Pee-wee, pee-wee."

A restless bird flies over the cabin, and perhaps its shrill chirp arouses Uncle Zachary from his reverie, for, starting up, he walks slowly away. As he does so a figure glides out of the cabin door. On a few rods it rapidly goes, until, coming to an old well, it pauses beside it. Throwing aside the loose boards which cover it, the figure stands motionless looking down its darkened depths.

"Pee wee, pee-wee."

The bird hovers and flutters overhead, but the figure heeds not its unusual cry.

"I'n onhappy Gord an' Unc' Zachy gone twol me ef I come ter yo' I cain fin' res'. Gord, I hes done tried hawd ter be er good gyrul an' dis life am onkine' an' I's gwine ter heben wh' mammy am."

"Pee-wee, pee-wee. Pee-wee, pee-wee."

"Chile." Uncle Zachary, breathless and trembling, stands before the girl. "Chile, wha' you' doin' heah? Down, down 'n yer knees 'foah Gord an' pray ter de Lawd in heben. O Gord, who see eber'thin' jes' 'n easy 's poss'bl'. Say it arter me, chile. O Gord, who see eber'thin' jes' 'n easy 's poss'bl'."

"Massy 'n me."

"Massy 'n me."

"Nwuthy ter be call' yer chile."

"Nwuthy ter be call' yer chile."

"Gib dis po' niggah strenf ter obercome de pride sperrit wi' 'n her."

"Gib dis po' niggah strenf ter obercome de pride sperrit wi' 'n her."

"Po'gib wha' I wair gwine ter do."

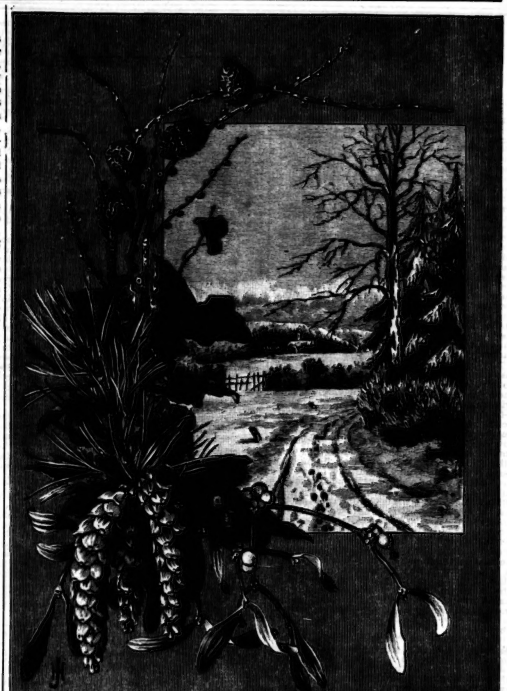
"Po'gib wha' I wair gwine ter do."

"An' make me good fo'ebermo'. Amen."

"An' make me good fo'ebermo'. Amen. An' Gord bless Unc' Zachy', 'ca'se he am good ter he'p po' niggah gyrul. O Unc' Zachy, Unc' Zachy, de airf am gwine ter be brighter."

The old man gently raises her and kisses away the hot tears that roll down her cheeks. Then together they slowly walk back to the cabin and the moon casts its soft light over everything, and everywhere is calmness and repose.

LEPRACAUN.



Frost.

The pane is etched with wondrous tracery;
Curve interlaced with curve and line with line,
Like subtle measures of sweet harmony
Transformed to shapes of beauty crystalline.

Slim, graceful vines and tendrils of such sort
As never grew save in some fairy world,
Wind up from roots of minted silver wrought
Through tulip flowers and lilies half unfurled.

Shag firs and hemlocks blend with plumy palms,
Spiked cacti spring from feathery ferns and weeds,
And sea-blooms such as rock in Southern calms
Mingle their foamy fronds with sedge and reeds.

And there are flights of birds with iris wings
That shed in mid-air many a brilliant plume,
And scintillating shoals of swimming things
That seem to float in clear green ocean gloom.

And there are diamond-crusted diadems,
And orbs of pearl and sceptres of pale gold,
Stored up in crystal grottos, lit with gems
And paved with emeralds of price untold.

And marvellous architecture of no name,
Facades and shafts of loveliest form and hue,
Keen pinnacles and turrets tipped with flame,
And frosted domes of purest sapphire blue.

All these the gnell of the Frost last night
Wrought in the still cold hours by charm and rune;
And now, like dreams dispelled before the light,
They float away in vapor on the noon.

CHAS. LOTH HILDRETH.

Sunshiny Husbands.

We read so much about the obligation laid upon the wife to be a perpetual sunbeam in the house, that a word to husbands on this topic may not be amiss. Husbands ought always to wear a smiling and happy countenance. Should the care of providing the raw material to make a home weigh you down, never mind, always go home with a smile. Husbands have often lost the affection of their wives by looking careworn. Be careful about your personal appearance; much depends upon that. Be sure that your hair is smoothly arranged and your collar spotless before presenting yourself at the breakfast table. It is by attention to such little things that you may be able to retain the affection of your wife. Don't complain if you are sick. A complaining husband often drives a woman to seek more congenial society. If you have a toothache—smile. The wife may find it necessary to absent herself from home every evening and decorate herself with ribbons of various hues if you complain. Keep up with the times. Your wife, having the care of the education of the children, naturally reads more than you. Don't let her. After you have worked twelve or fourteen hours a day, devote the remainder to keeping your mind in good trim, so that your wife may not find a more congenial spirit elsewhere. Pay strict attention to these rules and your marriage will not be a failure.

New Mexico for Consumptives.

EXTRACT FROM REPORT TO THE AMERICAN HEALTH RESORT ASSOCIATION.

"I think New Mexico surpasses any locality for consumptives I have yet visited, and I have been all over California, Colorado and the South, Sandwich Islands and Europe."

J. F. DANTER, M. D.,
M. C. P. and S., Ont.

Profit from Misfortune.

Foreman—Th' cat got in th' press, sir.

Managing Editor (to advertising agent)—Mr. Cook, just run 'round to the fur store on the corner and see if you can't catch them for a full page displayed ad. at reduced rates.

FIRST HALF OF A TWO PART STORY.

UNIACK'S FORTUNE.

BY MARTIN GRAY.

PART I.

It is a blazing hot day in Melbourne, a day when the patches of shade are few and far between and the white houses seem to glitter with the heat as they stand out against the intensely blue sky. It is still hotter in the marine suburb of Williamstown, where the great ships are lying at the long jetties, the paint on their sides rising in huge blisters under the power of the sun's scorching rays. Perhaps the hottest place of all is down upon the decks "of one of the largest of these vessels, the Antiope, two thousand tons burden, now taking in her last hundred bales of wool prior to her departure for London, after a tedious stay of three months in Australian waters. The men stowing the cargo work silently and wearily, for the heat stifles even their desire to grumble, the head stevedore alone showing some activity as he hustles about, striving to keep them up to their work. The second officer, who is supposed to have charge of the whole business, leans, silent and absent-minded, against a bale of wool, his hands in his pockets and a far-away look in his dark brown eyes.

"Ay," muses Alan Uniack to himself, "the last day's work, and then we sail—homeward bound! And I am the only soul on board, from the captain to the ship's boy, who is not wild with delight at the thought. Homeward bound—to their friends, their wives, or their sweethearts! and every knot we sail will make their hearts lighter! Their girls are pulling on their bow-ropes, as they put it. But I? The only soul on earth who ever seemed to care if I were alive or dead will be on board with me, and, reaching home will only mean that I shall lose her. Reaching home! I wonder what it is like, to have a home? Rather pleasant, I should think! How Mansfield's mother cried on the day she came down to the ship to see us sail and implored him to write as often as he could! I don't believe he has sent her a line since the scamp! And then how Morris loves to show me his sister's photos, and tell me how proud he is of them and how they are admired! And it is all Greek to me; I know nothing of such things. I wonder has my father any idea of the crime he committed in never letting me know what the words 'love' and 'home' meant? Confound his money—I never wanted it! But why did he drive me out alone into the world?"

His thoughts are checked abruptly as Mr. Mansfield, the chief officer, comes down and joins him. They are not great chums, these two—an antagonism of thought and action is always rising up between them. Now, however, they speak only of the stowage of the cargo and of the probable date of sailing. Mr. Mansfield remarks that he does not at all like the look of things—all the dead weight at the bottom of the ship, and her "'tween decks full of light stuff; and they both shake their heads and for once agree that she will roll the spars out of herself if they have any bad weather. But they have no power to alter it; they must carry out the captain's orders, and the blame, if any, will lie at his door.

A few minutes taken for a look on deck, as work is over for the day, it being Saturday and a half-holiday.

Instinctively they each strive to be first to reach the side of a girl who is lounging in a cane chair under the poop awning, her attention divided between the knitting in her hands and a book which lies open on her knee. She looks up brightly as they approach, being evidently tired of her solitude.

"How worn out you look!" she says to Alan, as he drops upon a chair beside her; and she looks compassionately at the white face with the dark shadows under the eyes.

"I have felt the heat almost unendurable here, so I shudder to think of what it must have been below."

"And do you not pity me at all, Miss Santry?" asks Mr. Mansfield, in the aggrieved tone of a man unaccustomed to take the second place.

She looks at him as he stands before her, six feet two of physical grace.

"No," drily. "I think you look far too well for me to waste any sympathy on you." Then with a change of tone she addresses them both. "Do you know if Captain Green has returned? My father went into Melbourne with him, you know, and I cannot imagine why they are so long. My father will be exhausted by this intense heat."

"Probably they missed their train, and are waiting for the next," suggests Mr. Mansfield, while Alan says gently:

"I do not think you need be anxious about Dr. Santry; he is so thoroughly well now that it would take a great deal to knock him up again."

"Yes," assents the girl, but with some anxiety still noticeable in her voice; "but, when the voyage out has done him so much good, I don't want him to risk anything just as we are starting for home."

"You speak as if you were going only from Calais to Dover," says Mr. Mansfield laughing. "Dr. Santry will have time to get ill and recover half a dozen times before we are round the Horn."

"I will go into Melbourne, if you like, and ask if they have seen anything of them at the office," proffers Alan with an inward curse at his brother officer, whose flippancy toward Miss Santry makes him savage. "There is a train nearly due now; if they do not come by it I shall go."

"Thank you," she answers softly, looking up at him gratefully. "It is very good of you to think of it, but I am so selfish as to regret your half holiday—I am sure they will soon be here now. Then turning to as to include Mr. Mansfield, "I have an invitation for you both. I promised the steward to bring afternoon tea up here; and if you join me in half an hour I shall be much gratified."

Both accept the invitation with alacrity, but Nora Santry quickly throws the apple of discord between them by adding:

"If you see the steward, Alan, tell him to put in an extra amount of tea; I know you like it strong."

Little Christian name dropping unawares from her lips makes a sudden light flash like sunshine into Alan Uniack's eyes and brings a very evil scowl to Mr. Mansfield's face. Nora sees neither as she takes up her book again, almost before they move away.

An hour afterward they are all at tea, the young men having hurried their appearance considerably by the toilets they have made in the interval. Nora Santry makes a pretty picture as she half lies back in a wicker lounge, a slim, graceful, girlish figure, with golden-brown, rippling hair bound round the small, well shaped head which carries itself so proudly, and dark eyes which can in a moment run the whole gamut from grave to gay.

She has delegated her duties to Alan Uniack; so two gentlemen are hovering anxiously over the tray at his side, and divides his time between critically studying the condition of the teapot and tactfully waiting on her. He seems to know by instinct the moment that she wishes for a piece of cake—half of which goes to a long-backed Skye terrier, who sits up begging mournfully stold, beside her—or if she thinks another lump of sugar would improve her tea. A long arm hands her what she needs without a word being spoken, and its owner has relapsed into motionless repose before Mr. Mansfield, who always sees his chance of service a moment too late, has half risen from where he sits.

Their conversation flags; a few disjointed remarks on the heat or the probable date of sailing are all that laziness allows them to make, except when Mr. Mansfield rouses himself once or twice to tell some anecdote which he considers amusing, but which neither of his auditors seems to care for.

"Here's the captain!" exclaims Mr. Mansfield, suddenly starting to his feet, as two men come on board and advance toward the tea-party.

Captain Green, a pompous man whose gait is between a swagger and a roll, carries a bundle of letters in his hand. Following him, Dr. Santry makes his way to his daughter's chair, a tall, scholarly-looking man with a slight stoop and weak spectacles.

"Who wants letters?" asks Captain Green, as he seats himself in his first officer's chair, evidently on the best of terms with himself and all the world. "Here, Mr. Mansfield—half a dozen for you, each in a different lady's hand! Ah, it is very shocking—very! Mind, Santry, your father has your correspondence. Do not imagine me guilty for one moment of forgetting that ladies claim precedence."

Nora smiles courteously in answer, and then her eyes seek Alan's face with a pitying expression. She feels that mail day always brings his loneliness home to him with a fresh sting; and she longs to comfort him as he stands with averted face looking out over the water with knitted brows and eyes which do not see what they gaze on. As she looks, some subtle sympathy between them makes his eyes seek hers, and the tender, sweet expression on the face he loves so well rolls away the cloud and all his troubles seem as nothing. He smiles back at her—a smile that brings a sudden flush to her cheeks as she turns away her head.

"By the way, Mr. Uniack, I have something for you," continues the captain, who has despatched Mansfield to distribute the rest of the letters. "I quite forgot to give it to you—you do so little in the correspondence line. Now nothing less than a telegram will do. Here it is—no bad news I hope; it reached the office only this morning."

Alan takes it, and turns it over between his fingers, wondering bitterly who can think him worth wasting so much money upon.

"Was it unpaid, Captain Green?" he asks at length.

"No; there was nothing on it. But why don't you read it, man?" says the captain testily.

Alan obeys, and carelessly tears the envelope. It does not take him long to read the brief message within; but he does not raise his eyes from the paper for several minutes, while the blood first mounts to his very forehead in a dark flush, and then ebbs away as suddenly, leaving him ghastly pale. At last, drawing a long breath, he lays the telegram on Nora Santry's lap, and, turning abruptly on his heel, walks away to his cabin.

"What is it, Miss Santry? Be kind enough to let me hear it," says Captain Green tartly, feeling privately that Alan has not treated him with due respect in giving the telegram to someone else first.

She glances over it slowly, then reads in a low voice:

"Colonel Uniack was killed yesterday while hunting. No will. You are heir-at-law. Come home at once."

Then she girl's hands drop into her lap, while a puzzled expression clouds her face.

"Bless my soul!" exclaims the captain, altogether lost sight of in the excitement, forgetting his offended dignity. "Heir-at-law! I wonder was Colonel Uniack rich? Where is it from, Miss Santry?"

"Bouville Abbey, Hampshire."

"Oh," says Dr. Santry thoughtfully, taking off his glasses—"Bouville Abbey! Of course—I always knew I had some connection with Mr. Uniack's name and face! I now remember it all. There was a Walter Uniack of Bouville Abbey in Balliol with me. Fellow has been this boy's uncle. He wanted me to go down with him one Easter. There were photos of Bouville Abbey in his rooms. A magnificent old place, we agreed, but I heard it was heavily encumbered."

"Bless my soul!" exclaims Captain Green again, as the revelations about his second mate astonishing him greatly. "But he can come in for much more than encumbrances from what I can say."

"I am beginning to recollect a good deal now," replies Doctor Santry. "I met an old chum, a friend of Walter Uniack's and mine, some years ago—ay, very long ago, it seems now, for I remember I was up in town just before my marriage—and we had a last bachelor dinner together. He told me that Walter Uniack was in India, and that Bouville Abbey had been redeemed by the oldest son's marrying the greatest heiress of the day, a Miss Rankin. Her father was a large ironmaster and railway-king, and I believe she had three or four hundred thousand."

"Bless my soul!" ejaculates the captain, for the third time; then, after a pause, in which he turns things over in his mind, he says grumblingly, "I wish he hadn't heard the news till we arrived off Gravesend. I suppose he'll be wanting to cut off in the quickest steamer he can find, and I shall be left two days before sailing looking for a second mate; for I must say this for him—he's a good officer, and no mistake—has his men well in hand, always gets the work properly done, and yet he's a man you can sleep in peace running up channel when he's on watch, and have no dread of the river or of anything miserable. Come on and talk to him;" and he swaggers off, full of importance.

Father and daughter sit silent for a while. Nora with her head still resting on her hand and her unopened letters in her lap.

"I am glad of Uniack's good fortune," remarks Dr. Santry at last. "He is a nice young fellow, and was most attentive to me before I grew strong—quite unlike most young men of his age; and his interest in my botanical collection is unceasing. He walked ten miles last Sunday to get me that moss I wanted. Do you remember, my dear?"

The girl nods, thinking she knows the reason of Alan's zeal in botany; but she does not smile at her father's simplicity, as she would at another time; on the contrary, she sighs and moves restlessly, and at last, gathering up her letters, rises to go to her cabin.

Outside her door she encounters Mr. Mansfield, mingled spleen and admiration visible on his handsome face as he resolutely stands in her way, although she attempts to pass him without speaking.

"Of course you have heard the news, Miss Santry—that our ugly duckling has turned out a swan!"

The girl's dark eyes flash angrily.

"I presume you allude to Colonel Uniack's death," she says very coldly, "though I must say it has neither good taste nor aptness in your metaphor.

"I did not mean to offend you"—even if his point-blank hurt by girl's disdain, he refrains from showing it—"I only meant that, instead of continuing a poor wretch of a sailor like me, he has suddenly become a tremendous swell, owner of a splendid estate, and as rich as Crœsus. I know I wish I could change from an ugly duckling into such another swan!"

"I think you ought to be very thankful that your parents are living, to love and be kind to you. I am quite sure Mr. Uniack does not see his father's death in the light you do."

He takes no notice of her little moral lesson.

"He can't grieve much for him," he says carelessly; "they never pulled well together, I believe; and he is sure now to be surrounded by so many friends that he will not feel much loneliness."

"Friends!" with scornful emphasis. "Real friends value a man for what he is, not for what he has; becoming rich will not increase their number."

"I know you detest worldly wisdom," rejoins Mr. Mansfield, laughing, "and you will detest me for preaching it to you; but I wish you could come home in the same steamer with him, just to see how many men will say he is the best fellow they ever met, and how many women will do everything but ask him to marry them. That is the only thing I don't envy him—the way the women will hunt him down. And, of course one can't blame them—there is no doubt he is a splendid catch!"

The words are spoken lightly, but he keenly watches their effect. She cannot disguise the fact that they do affect her, for first she turns crimson, then grows white to her very lips.

"I do hate your worldly wisdom, Mr. Mansfield," she retorts, with a forced laugh; "so much so that I refuse to hear any more of it. I will advice you to that you should go home in the steamer you speak of, and prove yourself the best fellow he ever met; there is nothing like being first in the field for the pots of money and tuft-hunter."

Without giving him time to answer this taunt, she turns into her cabin and shuts the door sharply behind her.

"What a biting tongue the little wretch has!" soliloquizes Mr. Mansfield, as he moves away. "She can't deceive me—she likes him; but I flatter myself I have put a pretty strong barrier between them now. I wonder if I have really made her angry? Never mind! Once Uniack goes, I don't care; it will be strange indeed if I can't make her like me before the voyage is over, when he's gone home to stay."

To the great relief of Captain Green, the chagrin of Mr. Mansfield, and the astonishment of all, Alan Uniack decides to return to England as he left it, second officer of the Antiope. He says, in answer to those who question him on the subject, that he will be home quite soon enough, and that he prefers staying on his present berth till he knows how things are really going to turn out.

His true reason, however, is that he will not leave Nora Santry so long as it is in his power to stay by her side. He is the more anxious not to do so now, because the time for the Antiope, at present loaded, is unsafe. Certainly, if anything happens, it is doubtful if his presence can save Nora; but he will not leave the ship, and, if he can, prevent the "might have been" haunting him through life.

Having come to this decision, he settles down again into his old routine, and apparently d'ssembles from his mind all thoughts of his altered circumstances. The captain, indeed, shows him a amount of courtesy which is almost embarrassing, and his shipmates at first make many allusions to his good fortune; but these remarks so evidently pain and distress him and he so resolutely ignores all attempts to show them favor, that both cease for a time, and all goes on as before.

Not quite all, however, for a cloud has come over his friendship with Nora. Loving her more passionately than ever, he does his utmost to make her see it; but the look of pity he detected on her face on the day the mail brought letters for all but him was the last time that he could meet with sympathy and understanding of unconstrained friendship. Now there is always a cold, hard, distant look in her eyes when they meet him, which pierces him to the heart. The adroitness with which she manages persistently to avoid even chatting for five minutes with him is an admirable example of dexterity; and a bitter contrast to the long, happy talks of a month ago. When she can find no other way to wring his heart, she begins to encourage George Mansfield, who, nothing loath to see his charm work so well, improves the occasion to the best of his ability.

There is a large number of passengers returning home, for the Antiope is a favorite ship, and Nora reigns a queen amongst them all. Having come out with them, the crew and officers look upon her as one of themselves, and give her the lead in everything—and which lad or lass, men or boys are quite willing to see her take, as the prerogative of her beauty and wit. But, though she flirts with many of them, no none dare go quite much favor as to Mr. Mansfield; and Alan's heart sinks lower and lower as he sees the daily growing intimacy between them.

When first left by the tug, the ship sails into a dead calm, and for twenty-four hours does not alter the bearings of Cape Skanch. As they go round and round, boat building and club hauling till the sailors are out of patience, the Antiope is like no hing so much as a huge cow driven out of a neighbor's field and standing in the road, not knowing which way to turn her head for home. At last she catches a breeze, and away she flies like some wild thing, one huge mass of spreading canvas, and every spar and rope straining and quivering as if mad with joy at getting such a breeze to forward them on their homeward way. She tears the sea asunder as she presses through it; but to Alan's foreboding thoughts the receding waves cast aside by her cutwater, as they roll to towards, seem to fume with sullen rage and mutter in an undertone, "Wait a while, good ship—we will have our revenge for being beaten asunder and disturbed from our quiet rest! Our turn will come soon."

Toward the close of the first fortnight she encounters two gales, during which the captain is confined to his cabin with a bad attack of rheumatism—a complaint that has a trick of troubling him only in dirty weather—but she escapes fairly well—with the loss of a few sails and a part of her main top-gallant yard.

These injuries are quickly repaired and then, getting into moderate weather, she goes along smoothly under all available sail. Nora spends on two on board feel any anxiety on account of the constant lowness of the barometer, which never ranges higher than from twenty-nine to twenty-nine fifteen.

Alan is one of the few who know they are in for a good blow, and for Nora's sake he wishes they were well rid of it, because he knows the ship is bound to behave badly, loaded as she is. Even now she lies down to each sea that strikes her, as if she were never going to rise again, and then suddenly comes up with a swing which strains every stay and keeps up a continual vibration till yet another strikes her.

The passengers, however, who cannot recall all these signs, believe that they have got into moderate weather which will last till they reach home; and some of the gayest of them, with Nora Santry at their head, declare that they must and will have a dance on deck, to break the monotony of their life.

Though the weather is cold and the ship is rolling, they persuade themselves that their dance is as delightful as an afternoon dance can be. Nora Santry looks a picture of brightness and beauty to Alan's eyes, as enviously he sees her dancing repeatedly with Mr. Mansfield. She wears a dress of some soft white stuff, white material, and its simplicity shows her lithesome figure in its full beauty.

Alan cannot but own to himself that George Mansfield looks worthy of his partner as he glides round the deck with her. He is a perfect dancer, and the exercise and excitement brighten his usually handsome face.

"No wonder that she should like him best!" thinks Alan, as he averts his eyes. "How could such a gloomy, moody fellow as I am hope any chance against him? And yet once—oh, Nora, Nora!

He feels as if his two hours of duty will never end, for he has extracted a promise from her that she will give him a dance, and he is impatient to claim its fulfilment. The hope of it gives him fortitude as he sees her dance time after time with Mansfield.

"Soon," he tells him-eif, "I shall be in his place, and he—he will be out in the cold, even as I am now." And he resolves to make the best of his opportunity, and either clear away the misunderstanding which has arisen between him and Nora, or else learn the whole of the bitter truth once for all.

At last eight-bells strikes, and, after a delay which makes Alan inwardly furious, Mr. Mansfield relieves him.

"I don't like the look of things at all," says the first officer as he comes on the poop; "the barometer is falling steadily—I've just been down to look at it."

Alan only nods; he always hates having to agree with his rival, and just now his great anxiety is to reach Nora's side. If it be indeed the best fellow they ever met, and how many women will do everything but ask him to marry them. That is the only thing I don't envy him—the way the women will hunt him down. And, of course one can't blame them—there is no doubt he is a splendid catch!"

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Alan only nods; he always hates having to agree with his rival, and just now his great anxiety is to reach Nora's side. If it be indeed true that the danger which he dreads is about to come upon them, then the greater the necessity for removing the cloud that has come between him and her, so that, if the icy waters of death are to engulf them, they may die together. Such a death would be to him far sweeter than his present life.

Nora is lounging lazily against the bulwarks, talking to a Mr. Gibson, one of the passengers, who is hanging on her words as adoringly to her, and whom she encourages sometimes for a stray half hour when she has nothing better to do. It is an interval between dances; but just as Alan comes up to her, Ben Hosford, the ship's carpenter, whose violin furnishes the music, draws his bow, and from where he sits on the deck spare sends the Dolores waltz floating in long, wailing notes over the lonely waters. Ben is a clever musician, despite his rugged face and utter lack of train ing. He does not know one note from another, but only whistle him an air once and he will reproduce it on his violin with a wild strength and pathos all his own.

"Nora," says Alan, as he reaches her, "will you not dance this with me? I have been looking forward to it all the afternoon, and you know how I wish for it."

"And why should your wishes—allowing for argument's sake that I know nothing of them—influence my conduct? Question for question is our Irish rule, you know," and the girl gives a pretty gesture of impatience to interrupt which sends home the words with a doubtful stab.

He cannot smile at her retort, and a shadow of trouble passes over his face as he says, in earnest tones:

"Because I believe you to be my friend and I know you to be kind, and also because you promised the dance last night."

"Meanwhile, Mr. Gibson has my word for this dance, and I shall keep it with those the least, and keep it for him. The 'Dolores' is too good to be wasted," she says, turning to her partner; and he, nothing loath, puts his arm round her, and away they glide, leaving Alan standing alone, with the feeling that all has suddenly grown cold and dark around him.

He turns away mechanically, and sees the side of the vessel a gloomy expression settles upon his face.

"Just as the same," he thinks bitterly. "If even she is one bit kinder to me than usual, she pays me out with interest before the day is done. How she flirts with Mansfield and even with that idiot, Gibson! It could be that she really cares for either. I could have sworn from the look in her eyes long ago that she loved me, but now she looks at them just as sweetly."

He turns round with jealous eyes, only to see her resting in a other chair, while Mr. Gibson bends over her with her fan.

"I shall stand it no longer!" he mutters hotly. "I am a fool to care for her still, but I can't help it. Though she is the bright spot in my l fe, I would rather know the worst to night than go on in this state of torture, which is more than I can stand."

The music stops, and in the general move that takes place, Alan manages once again to join Nora Santry, from whose side

Her Last Appearance.

Stage love! You do not believe in stage love? Then you have not heard my story.

You may remember a period when I was very young, when strained relations existed between the college faculty and myself, and when I disappeared for a time from the world that knew me. It was then that I was graduated from the amateur to the professional stage.

Beddoe, whom you met here last week, dear old Horace Beddoe, kindly allowed himself to be persuaded that I intended to devote my life to dramatic art, and enrolled me in his company. I well remember the pomp with which he introduced me to the other members of the company.

"Miss Lane, Miss Lovell, Miss Fitz-Clarence," he said proudly, "and Miss Fane." I turned to behold Miss Fane. When I saw her, Horace Beddoe and all the rest seemed to disappear against a golden haze in the dingy stage; then I saw one face, heard one voice make sweet, brief music, and felt that I should like to look and listen forever; for Miss Fane was my Beatrice.

Little aristocrat that she looked that morning among the other women, in her plain stuff gown with its white linen collar, and her boy's straw hat with the blue ribbon round it.

"A princess in disguise!" I thought, while I stood talking to her for a minute or two. "How on earth does she come here?" The very question, as I knew afterwards, Miss Fane was asking herself about me.

"Now, then, ladies and gentlemen," cried the stage manager, coming down briskly after a colloquy with the head carpenter; "now, then, we'll begin, if you please. Mr. Fleming's discovered R.; he went on, reading the directions for the opening scene from the prompter's copy; R., please, Mr. Leycester! as the least long lady blandly pursued her amusement of chaffing my supplanted rival Howard Belvestone at the opposite wing, and only designed to hear the third or fourth gamma so—Mrs. Fleming discovered R.; Helen R. C. R. C., Miss Fane, please!"

And Miss Fane went away from me to be discovered R. C.

"That's it," Mr. Melville continued. "Now, clear the stage there!"

And the stage was cleared, Horace Beddoe taking up a position in the front to sit in judgment on the rehearsal.

To this day I've very little notion what the piece was about. I saw from my own part that Helen Carew, that is, Miss Beatrice Fane, and I had one scene—a love scene, of course—in the second act; gathered that the said Helen was a dependant of Mrs. Fleming's (a flirting widow, with a husband supposed to be dead years ago turning up from Australia just in time to bring down the drop on the first tableau); that she fell in love, after the proper amount of resistance, with the wrong man, Bertie Vivian (myself); and that, after the equally necessary amount of imbroglio, all ended happily as far as we were concerned, she and I. Altogether mine wasn't a bad part, I thought; and it proved even much better than wi h my knowledge of the author of "Each for Himself." I had dared to anticipate. This was only a book-rehearsal, and ran on pretty quickly and smoothly. In the first act I was only on to make up the tableau; in the second act, I had passionate love to Helen Carew—a duty that of itself.

At the end of the scene I got a "bravo!" from Beddoe in the front, a nod of approval from Melville, the stage manager, at the O. P. wing; ironical congratulations from Mrs. Leycester, who hated me for my pains, and a complicated scowl from "Charles, my friend," in the person of Howard Belvestone. So I considered I might conclude that the rehearsal come well. Odd if it hadn't, with my little princess in disguise to play to. She was delicious; a born actress, and a born princess to boot. I could have sworn. Again—Horace Beddoe, manager—in a great rage, and using strong language with unusual freedom.

"Look here! I want the meaning of this, I should like to know!" he was asking everybody within hearing, apparently. "Till Stuff and nonsense! She played well enough last night; and now I'm to believe she's like this! It is not! She can't be! It's sheer spite. She knows she can put us in a hole; that there ain't any one else to play her part; and she's ill! Yah! it's sickening; it is, upon my soul!"

Aid Horace Beddoe swore again, and executed a shoot was dance expressive of fury and indignation. His last twirl brought him face to face with me.

"What's the trouble?" I asked.

"Trouble! Read that, sir!" He thrust a piece of paper into my hand and danced off again. The other people looked on, impressed. No one had ever seen Beddoe in such a state before.

"Read that, sir! After the whole town's been billed and canvassed; after we've spent half a fortune in this one piece; and the piece; just when we're safe to make the greatest hit we've ever made, that woman goes and says she's ill, and can't play, and I've got to get a doctor's certificate!" And Horace ground his teeth furiously.

There it was, certainly. An orthodox document, signed by a physician, and setting forth that Mrs. Leycester was, in his opinion, not in a fit state to undertake her professional duties that night.

Now Mrs. Leycester was to have played Clarisse de Beaupre to my count. The performance of Retribution that night was now knocked on the head.

"Well," the manager asked, "a pleasant state of things, ain't it? What's to be done?"

Melville had come down by this time from his carpenters' rehearsal. Even he, clever at expedients as he was, had no suggestion to make. He stood staring blankly at his chief.

"It's no use," the latter said, after a long pause; "we can't make her play. I suppose, and we can't play the piece without her—cost too much. We must do the best we can and improvise a bill somehow; and yet, after all the bo'her and expense—"

"Yes," Melville chimed in, "it is provoking. Still, I don't see how we can do it without her, as you say; unless," he broke out suddenly, struck with a brilliant idea; "unless—"

"What?" Beddoe asked eagerly.

"Get Miss Fane to play Clarisse," Melville returned, triumphantly. "She'll do it!—do it better than Mrs. Leycester. And there'll be time for her to run through a rehearsal this morning. She's got the part at once; and you can have a line in the bills asking their kind indulgence—moment's notice—that sort of thing. Don't you see?"

The manager's face brightened at once.

"You're right, Melville," he said; "capital notion! Yes; she'll do it. She's a favorite with 'em, and she'd pull us all through—if she can get the lines in time."

And Melville hurried away.

The manager rubbed his hands, his equanimity quite restored.

"The very thing, ain't it?" he asked, turning to me.

"Yes," I answered as coolly as I could. Melville's proposition had sent such a strange thrill of pleasure through me that I could have leaped on a star-scanger then and there. My last night, and Beatrice Fane for my Clarisse!

"Ha!" Horace continued, "when Mrs. Leycester hears this, I shouldn't wonder if we have her down here again quite recovered and ready to oo so. She thought we couldn't do without her. When she finds we can, she'll be ready to howl with vexation at having given up such a part to another woman, who'll play it better, I believe, and who shall play it now, whatever happens."

The manager kept his word; it was Beatrice Fane who played the count's Clarisse that night.

She appeared presently in response to Melville's hasty summons, in her hat, flush crowned her pale face when they told her what they wanted of her, but she agreed at once.

The last rehearsal began, the only one Clarisse would get. She hardly needed that. She gave such a reading of the part as quite astounded Horace Beddoe.

"She ought to have had this line before," he said to Melville. "The Leycester can't hold a candle to her. She'll do everything to-night, the little one will. The third act will electrify them—electrify 'em, sir!"

I knew that, too. The audience could not but catch something of the fire that made the little hands that clung to me burn and throb. My Clarisse was shivering with fever. Madame de Beaupre was likely to be only too real.

That long, wearisome rehearsal ended at last. She drew her cloak about her and moved away. I followed, too, time to see her sink down on a sofa that stood ready to be moved on for the opening scene.

"Beatrice, what is it? You are ill?"

She looked up, so pale, poor child!

"Only tired," she said. "But don't be afraid. I shall be quite strong to-night. The count shan't find his Clarisse wanting. I promise you."

"Don't talk like that. You are ill. You shan't play this."

"I will play it! I wouldn't give it up for the world! After she flung it up—! Ah! how glad I am! She wanted to rob you of a last success! I couldn't have it and I shall have it, helped you. I could almost forgive her!" she muttered.

"Forgive her what?"

"Nothing. I didn't know what I was saying. And now I shall go home and rest; it won't do to be nervous to-night, you know."

All she said had been spoken in that strange, feverish excitement that had come upon her during the last few hours since she knew she was to be my Clarisse.

I drew her cloak closer about her as she rose.

"Thanks," she said; "and now *au revoir*, Monsieur le Comte!" She was going. I sprang after her.

"Let me take you, Beatrice, for the last time."

She stopped and turned, laughing. The soft laughter jarred on me.

"Well," she answered; "come then, for the last time. Take me."

Through the white-washed passage, heavy with grave-yard odors into the street, chilly with mingling rain.

Walking beside her as she hurried along, I pleaded my cause with her yet once more. She would not listen; talked wildly of this and that, and suddenly turning on me, called me cruel to speak so to her. Why would I torture her? What had she done? What I wanted could never be; she had told me so before. After to-night I should go back to my proper place, and leave her where I had found her, and forget her.

And with that bitter word on her lips she was gone. I had failed again. The girl's pride was stronger than her love for me; there was no help for it.

I wandered about under the rain, smoking, I remember, hard, all the time, till I had to go back to the theater and dress.

When I got there the curtain was down on the first piece; they were setting Madame de Pommerail's salon for our first act. Melville was superintending, dressed for Morisset; Beddoe, in a state of great excitement, was pervading the stage and wings generally.

"Tenpence the house! he had time to say to me; "all curious about the new Clarisse, I hear. Look sharp, my boy, and dress. We shall ring up in ten minutes."

I waited about a little while longer, thinking I might catch a glimpse of her before we began; but she kept close in her dressing room.

The curtain rattled its death on the rails, I knew the curtain had risen by the roar of applause that greeted my Clarisse as she came forward with Madame de Pommerail to the footlights. Then came a knock at my door, and the voice of the call boy outside. The next moment I had made my entry through the cocked hats of the court in the *salon*. She had to turn and see me—she alone—to turn, and stand there with her eyes on mine, stricken dumb and motionless at the sign from me, while the other people chattered. White, almost haggard in its feverish emotion, her face seemed not her own face, but the real woman's. With the first words I spoke to Morisset my own self-consciousness went from me; I was myself no longer; was the man I played. The audience saw no actor and a Clarisse that's all; all events, who weren't acting. The sight of her so changed, my love for her, my wrath against her cruelty, strung my nerves to a terrible tension I had never felt before. All passed as a dream. As in a dream I heard my own voice and the voice of the other people; I felt Beddoe speaking to me now and then when I came off; the voice of the crammed house, that grew louder and louder each time the act-drop fell. Her hands when they touched mine were now as chill as ice, now hot as fire. The fever of excitement, the passion she had been trying to fight down, the knowledge that these two hours were to be our last together, transformed her for the time. To you, too, that transformation, so absolute, so utter, would have been something marvellous, as I said just now; it startled our audience into enthusiasm, that waxed wilder and wilder every moment.

I'm spoiling the piece; you may guess how our scenes went. We have two in the first act, between the man with a vengeance and the neglected husband of that woman's profligate pasture, for whom retribution to match his crime is preparing. What that retribution is, you begin to rather when Morisset has left the pair alone for a moment. My love in his tone when she is learning to love, despite all—to love even while she shrinks from him in a vague terror; but a deadly hate to her he speaks of her husband who, he tells her, is deceiving her to-night as he did yesterday, as he will to-morrow. She asks for proofs; he gives them, and then in the next denies desperately that what he says can be.

The proofs are ready when she chooses, he answers; and the curtain falls on her promise to receive them, on those muttered words of his, that tell her whole story, as he watches her off, and crushes the broken fan in his cruel hand. "She's mine at last! Her heart is in my grip!"

The two brothers meet in the next act, and you hear Rodolphe de Mornac's story in detail. Presently comes in De Beaupre, to chatter and laugh over the little conjugal lesson he is giving to his wife; sits there, playing his foreman a game perfectly; uncovering himself in such tranquil unconsciousness of the deadly blade that is even now poised, that when the blade you see in De Mornac's hand when the other is gone—the good, patient sword you see him kiss.

The curtain rises on the third act. The scene is Madame de Beaupre's boudoir. The windows look upon a moonlit garden. Clarisse sits there alone, thinking of that dark, stern man who is coming there to-night at her summons—thinking of him and trembling for her soul. What does she care for Vivian's boy love when he pleads to her? That love, soon to be sealed with his life, never touches her; the boy's warning only rouses her wrath against himself, for the count's Clarisse is under the spell he had breathed upon her.

Yet she can struggle against it, once more, desperately! De Beaupre is gone; that mock-melodramatic letter of adieu she saw him write is in her hand, with the miniature of herself that was stolen from it. She is again alone, and the time of Priuli's coming is very near. The garden gate by which he is to enter is left open. If he find it ajar—locked! The wall is too high to climb. Yes, she will prevent his coming. She will see him in broad daylight, when—when it will be safer. She waits—white, and with strained eyes and ears—while Baptiste locks the garden gate and brings her the key. Then she sinks down, shivering, but with the deep sigh of a great relief. "Safe for to-night, at least," she mutters. And at that moment the man she dreads and loves so strangely is standing on the balcony outside the window, with the pale moonlight on him, watching her.

He opens the window, and comes toward her, so softly that she never hears him. Yet she feels as if his eyes were on her now. Slowly, shudderingly, she turns her head, and sees him.

"Ah!"

Not a scream, for he lifts his hand to stop her, but a low, faint moan, as she cowers down before him.

And then begins the great scene in the piece—at least, our great scene that night.

The silent, breathless house hung on every word of it, utterly carried away by the strange reality of what was passing before their eyes.

I, like the rest, spoke out of a love I thought lost; the hot, bitter words put into the count's mouth came hotly and bitterly enough from mine.

And that, there, with the fashion of her face all changed, with a wild, broken voice I could not recognize, with a helpless wringing of her little hands, was crouching at my feet—was drawing herself on her knees towards me, praying me to spare her.

Yes; I would go, if she bade me.

"Let me answer." And her arms were stretched out passionately to stay me. And I stop, and take the hot hands in mine. Ah! and hold them still, for she is quite powerless now, when I tell her what my love for her must bring upon her.

Quite powerless she lies there; her fate must be what I will. And I grasp my vengeance at least.

A step on the stairs without—De Beaupre's. In another moment he will be in the room, and she will be lost. And then—the child is so helpless and so innocent—comes a tardy pity for her; and the count loosens his hold and lets his revenge slip, and leaves her.

And on him, as he stands for a moment dark in the moonlight, looking through the open window from the balcony, on her, as she falls sobbing hysterically into her husband's arms, the act-drop descends.

A thunder-clap broke the breathless silence in the front; peal after peal of passionate applause rolled round the house. It called for her again and again.

When I made my way round from the back on to the stage I found her with a little group about her, lying half unconscious in the faintest, where she had slipped from Belverstone's arms.

The manager was standing a little apart, looking excited and a little frightened.

"I'm done to much for her, that last scene," he said to me. "She flung herself into the part a little too far I'm afraid she's fainted. But, by jove! we electrified 'em, didn't she? I said she would."

I pushed my way with scant ceremony through the group. One of the women was bathing my Clarisse's forehead with cologne and water; the others stood looking on helplessly. I cared little enough for their presence. I bent over the fainting girl, and called her by her name, and said, God knows what, but words that brought her back to life again, anyhow.

Beddoe came up.

"Better, Miss Fane?" he asked. "That's right. You were magnificent—played only too well. Take her on," he whispered to me; "they are yelling for you both like mad. They'll pull the house down if they don't see her."

"Let them," I answered, angrily. And then, as I felt her shiver from me, with a cry—"Let me take you away from this Beatrice; take you home. You sha'n't go on!"

"Take her away! She's to go on!" Beddoe repeated, in high wrath. "Perhaps you'll be good enough to tell me what the devil you mean by that, Mr. Severne. I'm master here, I fancy."

And Horace Beddoe raged away for some little time, I believe; I neither heard nor regarded him. I was with my love, whose fever grew fiercer every moment. Melville hurried back to us from the prompter's wing.

"Now, Miss Fane," he said, in his sharp, business-like tone, "they will see you. The piece can't go on till you're shown."

I broke out with something that made Melville recoil, and the manager was wild. But she answered, drawing her hand from my arm as she spoke:

"I am quite ready. Will you take me on, Mr. Severne?" And as she walked, quite firmly, down to the side—"the play must be played out, you know."

And I did lead her on to receive her ovation, hardly knowing that I was doing so; and the play was played out.

But when my Clarisse knelt presently over De Beaupre in the last scene, with the last words she had to speak, the fictitious strength that had supported her till then went from her, and she fell back all cold and lifeless.

It was her last appearance. She was quite dead to all clamor of the audience for her; and Beddoe had to go down them in her place.

It was many a long, anxious day before she knew my voice again. That night had been too much for her; the fever had burned and nearly robbed me of my darling—for mine she was; I heard it from her own lips by and by, when my life had conquered her.

My story ended the same time that here did. You can imagine the reconciliation and the rest of the story.

And I think you know why I believe that stage love is sometimes true love.

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BY ALL CHEMISTS

Consolation for Ugly Girls.

THE gift of personal beauty is unquestionably one of the high prizes in a woman's life, but the life of her counterpart man is so complex, his needs are so many-sided, that in some situations he is led to appreciate a cabbage a good deal more than he does a rose.

Nor is female beauty an exact science, figured out by measurement after the Venus de Medici or de Milo; not only national but individual standards vary; what is beautiful to a Chinese mandarin is ugly to the gilded youth of Gallic or Celtic race; and Dr. Johnson's Tetty, always "a pretty creature" through the glasses tinted by his own fond fancy, was according to the verdict of his friends, a coarse looking, painted dowager, old enough to be his mother.

Imagination is such a potent factor in love, that if a man admires a tiny foot its possessor often borrows from her extremities a general comeliness of person in his opinion. Another, like Althea's Lovelace, may be entangled in a damsel's hair, or "fettered by her eyes," and straightway forget a big nose, clumsy ears, a sallow skin, even all these disadvantages combined, and constituting positive homeliness to casual observers.

Most ugly girls have something pretty about them, and the few who know that they cannot claim even this limited endowment become pathetic to men of a generous mind, exciting pity, and we all know what pity is akin to under favorable conditions. I recall a maiden of this stamp who secured a handsome and devoted husband by her very hopelessness of winning his preference, by the tender humility of her worship of himself. Living in the same house, the constant appeal to his chivalry became more powerful at last than all the varied charms of other women he might have won.

Ugly girls, however, generally carry their consolation with them in a blessed unconsciousness of their want of good looks. Have we not seen them stand before a mirror noting the effect of a color or a new fashion, with an undisguised expression of admiration on their faces?—very much like the ugly young man who ties his cravat and smiles at his image in the glass with the comforting mental comment, "Not handsome, but devilish fascinating!"

The statement that "ugly girls are generally left to run to waste, as unappropriated blessings," is not supported by evidence: who has not met wives as ugly as any old maid in his list of acquaintances? It is safe to make the broad generalization that an ugly girl, all other things being equal, is likely to have fewer offers than a pretty girl, but quite as likely to receive the one offer which will make her a happy wife. It may be doubted whether a plurality of lovers is an unmixed advantage to a girl; one good lover, the elect man, attracted to her by affinity in its highest sense, is forever enough.

But all other things (save the gift of beauty) seldom are equal between the ugly and the pretty girl; by the natural law of compensation the ugly girl has either some inherent or some acquired quality that is lacking in the other, which asserts its charm as acquaintance progresses. Beauty only has the start in the race.

The *tete a tete* drives in the park and free seats at the theater once the special prerogative of pretty girls are fast becoming unfashionable among the higher classes in our larger cities, the complexities of advancing civilization presenting obstacles to freedom and obligations of this kind.

The ugly girl often has superior tact and finesse. Being obliged to study human nature closely in order to get the most out of it, she learns so well how and when to speak delicate flattery that she ends by convincing the man who scarcely noticed her on the evening when they were introduced, that the lips which can utter such bewitching things are really beautiful: for somebody has said—I cannot give the authority for the quotation—that men are vain.

Propinquity oftenest decides attachments of every kind; if a city man had to spend a winter in a Cape Cod village with a homely but pleasant girl, he would be more likely to find himself in love with her by spring than with the pretty and pleasant girl he left in Boston when he went to Cape Cod.

An ugly girl has a firm grip, generally speaking: she is not sated with admiration, or confident when she gets it that it will be perennial, so she does not let chance give her the slip, after the fashion of many belles. When once married she has plenty of grit, too, to protect her lawful property and to distance the pretty and unscrupulous flirts who would try their wiles on him.

It is questionable, after all, if a woman's beauty or homeliness makes much difference to a man after he has been married to her a year: does he even know how she looks? He sees her inner nature, and the happiness of the couple is decided by the effect of their inner natures upon each other. Many a man with a pretty wife has been infatuated with the society of a very plain looking woman who possessed either intelligence or some power of adaptation he missed in his partner.

The clever pleader for ugly girls says: "Suppose Grover Cleveland's too ample girth of waist had kept him out of the White House, as it certainly would have kept Mrs. Cleveland had she been the unlucky possessor," etc.

Most girls by one thing or another have been kept out of the White House, but I once knew a widow with a waist that might have rivalled our ex-President's, and she married a man of military and social position who was enough in love with her to take her without the jointure she was obliged to resign in accepting his offer.

Nor does a bald head in this day of artistic wigs necessarily make a woman ineligible for the office of Governor's wife. I knew a charming lady rendered bald by insomnia, who married an adoring husband. To be sure, she had a pretty face and an uncommonly sweet disposition. It is interesting to know that he saw her bald head after marriage and that his love survived the test.

Prominent statesmen do sometimes wed homely women; persons yet living remember with pleasure the brilliant and very ugly Princess Metternich who was one of the social attractions of the court of Louis Napoleon.

The "tree of life" still stands in the midst of the garden, and its fruit is for all womankind: baby fingers pat wrinkled and flabby cheeks as softly as round and rosy ones; "babies' skies are mothers' eyes," even if they are cross-eyes; moles and disfiguring birthmarks have been called "mamma's beauty-spots" by tender lisping voices. Wedded love, too, has been as constant to the homely woman as it has to the beautiful one. Even Mahomet, with all the laxity of the Moslem creed he was promulgating, took no other wife while the elderly Khadijah, greatly his senior, lived, and among the endearments of her youthful successors he always declared, "There is no one like Khadijah; she believed in me when no one else did." Her sovereignty, it will be seen, lay in the immortal principle of the man's nature, transfiguring and dominating the lower elements that help to constitute marriage.

Success in literature, science and art is open to the ugly as it is to the beautiful, granted that it does come more easily to the woman equipped with good looks as an auxiliary. Charlotte Cushman, plain and masculine-looking, attained the pinnacle of an art which from its nature must appeal largely to the senses. Think of a homely Romeo! she took the part sometimes.

Margaret Fuller, another homely woman, influences even yet by her personal magnetism the thought of New England; and George Eliot, whose ugliness was almost phenomenal, was not prevented by it from winning the love of two devoted men and "living again in minds made better" by her genius.

We hope girls will go on being pretty and prettier, just as we hope flowers will go on blooming; but destiny is more than skin-deep, it is determined by the force of character, the subtleties of temperament, the magic of opportunity, and by we know not what stress of Karma behind the veil.

We strongly suspect that the author of the Plea for Ugly Girls is not "one of them," but, if she is, the writer of this paper will try to match her consummate candor by saying that, although never an "ugly girl" herself, she has through life looked at many ugly girls and been forced to acknowledge that in one way or another they had managed to obtain a superior share of all that makes life worth living.—*Frances Albert Doughty.*

California and Mexico

A man going west should remember the great Wabash route is the banner line to all west and south west points, the only railroad using the palace reclining chair cars (free) from Detroit to St. Louis, Kansas City and Omaha. Finest equipped train on earth, and all cars go through the great tunnel at St. Louis. Time tables and other information from your nearest ticket agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, 2? Adelaide street east, Toronto.

Not to be Moved

Hardup (in Bowery restaurant)—Isay, waiter, doesn't a napkin go with this dinner?

Waiter—Naw. Ye can carry de dinner out wid yer, but de napkins stay right here.

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The Sassiety Drama.

Mr. Fussnite—Does that actress make much money, I wonder?

Miss Witham—I bet her dressmaker does.

A Freak of Fate, by the Earl of Desart; St. Katharine by the Tower, by Walter Besant; The World, the Flesh and the Devil, by Miss Braddon; In the Heart of the Storm, by the author of The Silence of Dean Maitland, are among the late issues in the popular Red Letter Series, and can be had at all bookstores.

At the Newspaper Office.

Visitor—May I consult the files of your paper for a week back?

Fresh Clerk—Certainly; only I'd advise you to use a porous plaster.

Misses E. & H. Johnston of 122 King street west are now offering a number of dress lengths at a great reduction. We have also a choice selection of the latest novelties in evening wear—silks, embroidered gauzes, chepes, etc. Every lady who admires a choice, well fitting gown should inspect our stock.

A Little Thing.

"It is amusing how a little thing will escape a man's memory," a man remarked to a friend.

"Yes, it is rather amusing, at times, but at other times the annoyance is greater than the amusement."

"That's true, and it was somewhat my case the other day. Some time ago I took up the idea that I ought to buy me a house, and I began at once to look around. After two weeks of close application with real estate men, driving hither and thither, I found a house that suited me exactly. I hastened home and brought my wife to look at it. She said it was exactly the house that she wanted, and wanted to know if we could afford to rent so nice a place.

"'Rent! Why, my dear, I am going to buy the house.'

"'But how are you going to buy it when you haven't any money?'

"Then I sat down. I had been so thoroughly taken up with the other essentials that I hadn't once thought of the money. But it's always my luck to forget some little thing that a more thoughtful man would be likely to seize at the start."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Dangers of Procrastination.

Landlady—I s'pose you noticed that long-whiskered old gentleman who sat opposite you at dinner to-day? That is Prof. Driebones and you can have his room, as he is going West on a scientific exploration—strangest thing you ever heard.

New Boarder—What is?

Landlady—The object of his tour. He has been told that a pre-historic cave has been discovered out West, and in it sat ten skeletons around a petrified table.

New Boarder—Well! well! Why didn't the fools change their boarding-house sooner.

Cut in Texas.

Mr. Gustav Naunwald, jr., Tivydale, Fredericksburg, P. O., Tex., U. S. A., writes: "I was cut by a scythe and knife in my hands and feet; I suffered three weeks. A half bottle of St. Jacobs Oil cured me."

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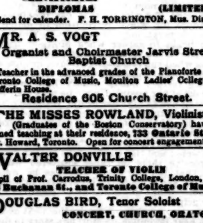

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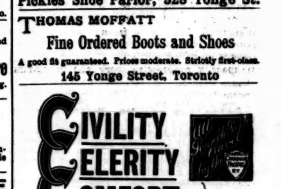

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Music.

THE Canadian Society of Musicians met at the Education Department, on Tuesday morning, Mr. R. S. Ambrose, President of the Society, in the chair. The attendance was small, but grew somewhat in numbers before the day waned. The general feeling of the members present seemed to be that the Society wanted an earthquake or a dynamite shock to move it into more vigorous and effective life. In the past many enjoyable battles were fought at its conventions, on the question of qualification for membership, and much of the pleasure that was expected to attend the annual meetings was to be found in the warm debates which attended this question. A pall of icy coldness fell upon the association when it was determined after several years' warfare to institute examinations for new membership, and the marrow went out of the society. The old members had talked each other to death, and there were no new ones to kill. Last summer the committee seemed to see no way out of the gloom but to ask the members for their individual opinions, with some excellent and some very hazy results. The suggestion I made in this column at the time—that the fence of examinations should be thrown down and all musicians cordially invited and even pressed to join the society, leaving examinations to follow as leading to distinctions within the membership—has borne fruit in so far as it was crystallized into a resolution which was to be debated at the Wednesday session. At this time of writing I am unable to say what the result is, but I certainly wish this sensible effort every success.

•

Mr. W. O. Forsyth read an essay on The Piano and its Technique, in which many points were handled in an independent and commonsense manner. Two points that Mr. Forsyth particularly urged upon his hearers were, that beginners should not be forced to adopt any particular position for the hand until the fingers have gained fluency, and that the craze for pupils' concerts should be abated. If the Convention of 1891 should be able to effect impressions upon the public in these two points alone, the Canadian Society of Musicians will have earned the eternal gratitude of all sensible people, and will have abundantly justified its existence. For young fingers may safely be left to find their way among keys in the manner that is most natural and easy and direct until the mind and the eye are educated, and thus retain the muscular suppleness of childhood. Better gain flexibility of fingers and add correctness of technique than to acquire rigidity of the latter and heavy, lumpy playing, as if *par la main gauche*. The other point of pupils' concert appearances is the bane of every honest teacher. Time that should be spent in progressive work, and in making future work easy is wasted in bolstering up an incomplete, incorrect and incoherent rendering of a piece not in the least understood by the pupil. Vocal teachers are no less sinners than instrumentalists in this respect.

The discussion evoked by Mr. Forsyth's paper was an essentially practical one, and of more than usual interest. The afternoon proceedings were terminated by a piano recital by Mr. Thomas Martin of London, assisted by Mr. Waldemar Bluethner of the same city. Mr. Martin's numbers were: Concerto in F Minor, op. 21. Chopin; (a) Hungarian Dances, Nos. 6 and 7. Brahms; (b) Ich liebe Dich. Grieg; Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 14, Liszt. The orchestra part to the concerts was played by Mr. Bluethner. The Mehan Ladies' Quartette of Detroit sang Rheinberger's Reveries and Lamothe's Night Breezes. Miss Jessie Corlette sang a couple of songs with splendid expression. The quartette is made up of good voices, admirably balanced and trained. During the recital the hall became filled. In the evening the active members of the society and their friends were entertained by Mrs. George Tate Blackstock at her residence, from nine until twelve.

•

Next Thursday evening, at the Pavilion, the much-talked-of Gruenfeld brothers will make their first appearance in Toronto. Mrs. Caldwell has been engaged to diversify the programme with some of the best numbers of her repertoire.

•

I have received a very neat memorandum of the choir of Erskine Presbyterian church, of which Mr. Arthur Hewitt is organist and choirmaster. This card bears the names of some thirty-five ladies and gentlemen, members of the choir, and a decidedly creditable repertoire of anthems, choruses and part songs sung by the choir.

•

I learn that Alfred Cellier, who has lately been collaborating with W. S. Gilbert, died this week. Cellier has done some good things among which were: Doris, Dorothy and the Sultan of Mocha. The latest joint production of these authors was to have been performed and published on Thursday evening of this week, but owing to Cellier's death The Mountebank will not be produced until Monday evening.

•

I have received from Messrs. I. Suckling & Sons some very excellent little pieces for little fingers: Rustic Dance and Reve D'Amour Valse, arranged by Frederic Forest; In the Springtime, a collection of bright trifles, by C. Gurlitt; and a Tarantelle of moderate difficulty by Paul Sohmer.

•

Mr. Robert Mahr, our genial violinist, has removed to 44 Gloucester street.

METRONOME.

Too Rapid.

"What do you think of my poem?"

"It's good; but the action seems to be a little rapid."

"Well, it's the last poem I shall ever write——"

"My dear boy, allow me to congratu——"

"On a railroad-train going forty miles an hour."

Out of Town.

BRANTFORD.

Wycklife Hall was filled to overflowing on Thursday evening of last week on the occasion of the concert given by the Varsity Glee Club, under the auspices of the Alumnal of the Brantford Young Ladies' College. Every seat was occupied and scores crowded around the doors. The Glee Club was conducted by Mr. E. W. Schuch. The concert was directed by Prof. G. H. Fairclough, the music teacher at the college. Besides the Glee Club the services of Mrs. Mackelcan of Hamilton, Miss Rolls and Miss E. Carson of the college had been obtained. Dr. Cochrane occupied the chair. The programme was as follows:

PART I.

Soldiers' Chorus.....(Faust).....Gounod.
Glee Club.
Trio.....Ye Shepherds Tell Me.....Mazzinghi.
Piano Solo.....Scherzo.....Chopin.
Miss Isabelle Rolls.
Solo.....A Lovely Night in June.....Thomas.
Mrs. Mackelcan.
Solo.....Order of Friars Grey.....Russell.
Mr. E. W. Schuch.
Solo.....Ecstasy.....Ardit.
Miss E. Carson.

PART II.

Part Song.....(a) Cloud Capped Towers.....Stevenson.
(b) Wanderer's Night Song.....Lenz.
Glee Club.
Solo.....Boys of the Old Brigade.....
Mr. E. W. Schuch.
Piano Solo.....(a) Album.....Schumann.
(b) Bourre.....Lysberg.
Miss Isabelle Rolls.
Solo.....Murmuring Zephyrs.....
Mrs. Mackelcan.
Octette.....The Banners Wave.....Kucken.
Members of the Club.
Chorus.....Hil of Fare.....Zwellner.
Glee Club.

Mrs. Mackelcan has a beautiful contralto voice of great refinement of tone and susceptible of expressive power. Her first number, A Lovely Night in June, was so creditably rendered that she was warmly encored. In her other efforts she was no less successful. Mrs. Mackelcan's pleasing appearance, agreeable manner and unaffected, honest singing make her a strong feature on a programme. The piano solos by Miss Isabelle Rolls were exceedingly interesting and well played. The pieces gave Miss Rolls an abundant opportunity to display her great technical resources and strong individuality of conception.

Miss Carson's rendition of Ecstasy, one of Arditi's difficult numbers, was easy and fluent, showed a good style and very sweet voice. She was accorded an enviable share of applause, to which she responded by singing I Wonder Why. Miss Carson is a pupil of Miss Marie C. Strong, teacher of vocal culture at the ladies' college, and is winning her way to very decided popularity here.

The Glee Club, under the direction of Mr. Schuch, sang some excellent songs. The club has some rich voices and sings with a fine large tone. The gentlemen were models of propriety and will always be heartily received in Brantford.

Mr. Schuch sang The Order of Friars Gray in a manner that won him warm compliments. As an encore he replied with the Fishers of St. Ives, which was very amusing.

Prof. Fairclough played the soloists' accompaniments exquisitely.

After the concert Thursday evening, a number of the Varsity students were entertained by Miss Fair. Dancing was the chief amusement and a thoroughly enjoyable time was spent.

An interesting event took place a few days ago at Winnipeg, in which one of Brantford's fair daughters played an important part. At Chessel's Croft, the residence of Hon. Chief Justice Taylor, Miss Harriett Beecher Hoesie, eldest daughter of our esteemed citizen, Mr. W. N. Hoesie, bursar, institution for the Blind, was married to Mr. James Shirriff of Brandon, Man.

The bride was attired in a beautiful traveling dress of rich gray cloth and was given away by James Fisher, Esq., representing the father.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. Prof. Baird.

Miss Taylor of Winnipeg supported the bride, and Mr. Shewen of Brandon acted as best man.

The presents were very numerous, among them being a handsome silver urn and tea-service, presented by the choir of the church of which Mr. Shirriff was a member.

After lunch, during which telegrams were received from Toronto, Brantford and elsewhere, the happy couple left by the evening C. P. R. train for Brandon, carrying with them the best wishes of hosts of friends in Winnipeg.

SAILOR.

Book Notices.

Rhymes Afloat and Afield, by Wm. T. James, Toronto; published by the author. This tastefully gotten up little volume contains some sixty-four poems of varying lengths. The binding is strong and artistic and the press work clear and bright and a credit to the printers' craft. There is a frontispiece portrait of Mr. James, and the dedication is to Prof. Goldwin Smith. The poems are of different degrees of merit and may be marred for some readers by the occasional use of obsolete words and phrases, and of unfamiliar terms when simpler ones would have been better. Nearly all the poems express a keen and real sense of appreciation for the beauty of nature, and many of them express a virile, healthy joy in living. The sound and pure tone of the whole stands for any mannerisms of style, and the fault we have mentioned will not cause Mr. James' work to be less appreciated. Though many of his subjects are familiar to his readers, they are most of them well treated. The sonnet, Wild Flowers, is especially good, and so is the Yachting Song. For quotation, however, we would choose the following lines from a sonnet entitled The Woods:

"Who would not turn
His feet to spiran lanes where every creed
Is tolerated; linger, dream and read
From other leaves than those of volumes; learn
The collects of the flowers—the wild birds' psalm,
And talk with Nature till his soul grows calm?"

J. S. Murphy in Bouchal-Bawn.

No one who had the pleasure of seeing the above-named prominent and talented Irish comedian on the occasion of his former visit to our city can fail to remember the pleasing and lasting impression he left in his interpretation of an Irish character. His advent in our midst now, being Monday, January 4, is heralded by assertions of the most complimentary character. Having an entirely new and specially written Irish comedy drama, by an author whose style and ability bear a close resemblance to that of the late Dion Boucicault, Mr. Murphy has reason to congratulate himself not only on the perfection and merit of his play but also the emphatic evidences of approval bestowed upon it by the universal press and public. The company in support is stated to be of marked strength and capacity in the characters assumed. The play has an abundance of charming pathos, romance and sentiment and is prolific in all the elements that constitute the epitome of comedy. Go and see it if you wish a hearty laugh.

A Dress-Reform Lecture.

It is probable that many of Toronto's bright and enlightened ladies will attend Mrs. Jenenesse-Miller's Dress Reform lecture on Monday, January 4.

Long Descent Per Saltum.

He—And your genealogy has been traced back to the sixteenth century! Do you know much of the collateral branches?

She—No; we were interested in our ancestors only, and made no researches as to any of their children.

A New Publication.

Westward to the Far East, the new publication of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is, as will be surmised by the title, a guide to the countries of China and Japan. This little volume is replete with all information relative to such a journey, including maps, log record, short summary of the Japanese language, etc., and while giving some necessary statistics does not bore the reader by constant reference to figures, a custom so prevalent in the ordinary guide book. Any of our readers thinking of touring, or wishing to have a further knowledge of these unique yet beautiful countries, could not do better than peruse this work, as not only is the information vouched strictly reliable, but it refers the reader to the best authorities extant on all points where fuller detail may be required. Quite a feature of the guide is the summary of the Japanese tongue, which will be found amply sufficient to the ordinary tourist. Westward to the Far East is beautifully finished, the binding being especially artistic, and anyone wishing to obtain a copy should write or call upon Mr. W. R. Callaway, 118 King street west, who will be glad to furnish same.

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EMPERORS

OF

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Assisted by

HEINRICH GRUENFELD

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PAVILION

Thursday, Jan. 7

Prices, $1, 75c. and 50c.

Plan opens at Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's on Tuesday, December 21.

WE are now offering an unusual large stock of Sleighs at very low prices, selected from Gladstones, Solid Comforts, Russians, Baileys, Portlands, Piano Boxes, Careols and other styles.

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We have in these goods some of the prettiest pieces for table decoration yet shown. The ware is equal and the decoration superior to any other French make.

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McKendry's Greeting

TO THE

READERS OF SATURDAY NIGHT

Slap, Bang, Here We are Again!

McKendry Once More on the War Path

Having just completed the fixing up for Christmas of our Elegant Basement Bazar, we are prepared to offer to the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT the choicest assortment of Christmas Novelties ever classed together under one roof. Lighted by electricity, carpeted and comfortably furnished, it presents a very pleasing appearance to the worn-out purchaser who is sick of the shoppy look of the surrounding stores.

Our Bazar is fitted up, not only to sell our goods, but to be pleasurable and comfortable for our customers.

Bamboo at the Lowest Possible Prices

In our Basement Bazar

Mothers bring the little ones around and give them an hour of solid fun. Musical Boxes, Mechanical Toys, &c., always going. See our 5c., 10c. and 25c. Toy Counters. Purchasers from these counters save 100 per cent.

Dry Goods and Millinery away down next week.

Don't forget Monday, McKendry's Bargain Day.

Mantles at Rock Bottom Prices—40 and 50 per cent. off all Mantles.

McKENDRY'S 202

6 Doors north of Queen on Yonge St.

To my Patrons and the Public generally:

I take much pleasure in wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

HENRY A. TAYLOR,

The Fashionable West End Tailor.

Rossin House Block, Toronto.

THE CITIZENS' CANDIDATE

EDMUND B. OSLER

Let Us Try for One Year a Business Man and a Business Plan

The City's yearly expenditure is greater than that of the Province; it is criminal folly to vote it into the hands of incompetent men.

Sectional issues ought to be secondary to the general welfare.

The administration of $6,000,000 annually ought to be supervised by a man who has a first-rate knowledge of finance.

One or two years' experience as an Alderman does not make a Financial Expert.

Familiarity with municipal routine has not kept down the taxes.

A capable administrator will stop the growth of taxation, sustain the City's credit and amend the system under which many taxpayers are on the road to ruin.

VOTE FOR

EDMUND B. OSLER

FOR MAYOR

GAS, ELECTRIC & COMBINATION FIXTURES

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72 QUEEN ST. EAST TORONTO.

SURPRISE

MAKES white clothes whiter.
MAKES colored goods brighter.
MAKES flannel softer.

SURPRISE

SAVES boiling or scalding the clothes.
SAVES that hard rubbing of clothes.
SAVES the worry and nuisance of that steam about the house on wash day.

SURPRISE SOAP is economical. **READ** the directions on the wrapper.

Old-Fashioned Cider.

There was a farmer's wagon on the Central Market the other morning with three barrels of cider in the box, and as the farmer himself sat waiting for a customer a citizen came along and stopped to query:

"Is that cider?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah! I was looking for cider. New, is it?"

"Yes."

"Barrels nice and clean and well rinsed out?"

"Yes."

"I'm a little particular about my cider. If it isn't old-fashioned cider I can't drink it."

"This was made in the old-fashioned way," replied the farmer.

"Was, eh! The old rule used to be to pick up all the wind falls."

"That's what I did, sir."

"Mixed up a dozen varieties, did you?"

"Yes."

"Didn't look to see if the apples were sound?"

"No."

"Ground everything right up with 'em, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Then put about one-fourth water?"

"About one-fourth, sir."

"Warranted to be regular old-fashioned cider, is it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I'll be back this way in about ten minutes."

He didn't come, though, and after waiting for about half an hour the farmer stood up to look around and observe:

"That's the way with these town folks! Bring 'em in jest what they are sighin' for and they've got to go pickin' and foolin' around and take a hull day to make up their minds. Even if that feller comes back he'll probably try to beat me down 'cause I had to use a few sound apples to make out the three bar'ls!"

An Opinion.

"What is your opinion of Mawson?"

"Well, for publication I have no opinion of Mawson, and privately I have even less."

His Bottom Dolor.

AFTERNOON'S EASE

What a comfort to be able to get through the week's washing in the forenoon and have the afternoon to one's self. "Sunlight Soap" enables you to do this. No hard work; lovely white clothes; nice soft hands! What can be more desirable! Try "Sunlight."

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Asthma, Epilepsy, St. Vitus Dance, Diabetes, Uterine Fractoria, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Constipation and all chronic difficult or obscure diseases.
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All the leading odors of the best makers.
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At wholesale prices.
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A large assortment.
ODOR CASES
All the select designs.
MANICURE CASES
The latest.
Bingham's Pharmacy, 100 Yonge St.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

MONTZ UMBERT—Dec. 24, Mrs. W. C. Montzumbert—a daughter.
HARPER—Dec. 25, Mrs. Richard Harper—a son.
BOND—Dec. 25, Mrs. Hedinigh Bond—a daughter.
HEMSWORTH—Dec. 21, Mrs. C. W. Hemsworth—a daughter.
DOWDALL—Dec. 25, Mrs. P. C. Dowdall—a son.
ROSS—Dec. 25, Mrs. A. K. Ross—a daughter.
DEAN—Dec. 25, Mrs. W. George Dean—a daughter.
ANDERSON—Dec. 24, Mrs. Jas. A. Anderson—a son.
PERRY—Dec. 25, Mrs. Edward Perry—a son.
DIGNUM—Dec 17, Mrs. J. Albert Dignum—a daughter.
MORRIS—Dec. 15, Mrs. R. S. Morris—a daughter.

Marriages.

WALKER—ELLIS—At St. Luke's church, Toronto, on December 23, by the Rev. John Langtry, rector, Herbert R. Walker, eldest son of the late R. Irving Walker, to Florence Louise, fourth daughter of the late James E. Ellis of Toronto.
MACAULAY—MARSDEN—Dec., Kenneth Macaulay to Millicent Marsden.
GUTHRIE—LAURENCE—Dec. 24, William Guthrie to M. Lawrence.
WYLIE—GLASSFORD—Dec. 23, John Wylie to Jeanie Glassford.
FLEMING—BUTLER—Dec. 23, A. Grant Fleming to Winnifred Butler.
HARRIS—THOMSON—Dec. 23, C. L. M. Harris to Mary Thomson.
McKENDRY—McPHEE—Dec. 16, A. McKendry to Lillian McPhee.
MOSES—CLAPP—Dec. 20, Frank Moses to Maud Clapp.
WILMOTT—THOM—Dec. 22, Walter S. Wilmott to M. Thom.
BROWN—Mc ULLAGH—Dec. 23, H. W. Brown to Ella McCullagh.
NICHOLSON—GREER—Dec. 24, Joseph Nicholson to Myra Greer.
GRAHAM—ORRE—Dec 25, S. R. Graham to Edyth Orre.
DURRAND—CHAPMAN—Dec. 25, W. D. Durrand to M. K. Chapman.
KIRKPATRICK—ROWELL—Dec. 20, Geo. Kirkpatrick to Leslie Rowell.
MACPHERSON—BURTON—Dec. 26, M. Macpherson to Sophie Burton.
MOORE—DICKSON—Dec. 23, Arthur S. Moore to Jessie Dickson.

Deaths.

BRIGGS—Dec. 25, Annie S. Briggs, aged 64.
COOK—Dec. 25, Arthur Cook, aged 9.
HENDERSON—Dec., George T. Henderson, aged 11.
SCOTT—Dec. 25, Jennie B. Scott, aged 28.
ARNOLD—Dec. 7, Daniel Arnold, aged 56.
CALLANDER—Dec. 23, John J. Callander, aged 14.
DISSETTE—Dec. 27, John Dissette, aged 80.
HUGHES—Dec. 25, Leon P. Hughes, aged 47.
SAMPSON—Dec. 26, Lilla Blanche Sampson.
WHILLANS—Dec., Margaret Whillans, aged 47.
O'NEILL—Dec. 26, J. F. O'Neill, aged 24.
PARKER—Dec. 27, Emily Parker, aged 24.
LEYS—Dec. 16, Alexander Leys, aged 30.
OWEN—Dec. 25, Eleanor Amanda Owen.
TOWNLEY—Dec. 27, Isabella Townley, aged 17.
CLARK—Dec. 25, Eliza Clark, aged 66.
REED—Dec. 23, Eliza Reed.
BOYD—Dec. 22, Agnes Dustin Boyd, aged 75.
ANDERSON—Dec. 25, J. S. Anderson.
ALISON—Dec. 27, John B. Alison, aged 58.
UNDERWOOD—Dec. 27, George Underwood, aged 5.
MARTIN—Dec. 27, Ellie Louise Martin, aged 3.
CORIN—Dec. 24, Volney W. Corin, aged 50.
McCABE—Dec. 23 Norman McCabe, aged 4.
WILSON—Dec. 23, Della Leola Wilson, aged 44.
COLES—Nov. 29 George Coles, aged 79.
ADLARD—Dec 21 Harold J. Adlard, aged 4.
THOMPSON—Dec. 23, Henry Thompson.

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A choice selection of SPECIAL DESIGNS just opened.
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VAN-DAL-INE
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Choice Furniture
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